

BRITANNIA

SIXPENCE

Edited and Published at Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.
Postage: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. per copy; other places abroad, 3d.

Vol. II

LONDON, FEBRUARY 22, 1929.

No. 22



THE GREAT FREEZE

Winter of Content and Discontent: During one of the sharpest frosts on record skaters felt that it is an ill-frost that brings nobody any good . . . but those who endured the worst discomforts thought otherwise.

WHEN the Devil (according to legend) sympathising with Noah in the Great Flood said that although the weather was bad "it was bound to clear up," he expressed the feelings of many during the Great Freeze. For in the recent days when the one comforting sound was the voice of the plumber, loud in the land, life was only endurable because of the hope that the frost would break.

A bitter frost, which in London up to last Saturday had been continuous for 158 hours—a record spell—held the country in its grip.

Although parts of England provided the sports of Switzerland, thousands in the cities were able to skate and

learn to fall, and the fun of the frost was vigorously enjoyed, the Great Freeze will be remembered more in sorrow than in lusty happiness. For the Great Freeze brought almost every kind of discomfort and inconvenience to thousands of homes, and who shall say how much domestic discord!

Strong men who had endured the cold burden of the day in the city returned to their homes in the evening to find the pipes burst, the boilers frozen, the bath out of action, and a patient wife waiting for a thaw.

The only consolations were reports of worse conditions elsewhere—adventures in deep snowdrifts in the country districts, villagers cut off from the rest

of the world; the warm medicinal springs frozen at Matlock, thousands of strange incidents in a frozen land.

And, of course, the ever hopeful reports of the world's greatest optimists—the meteorologists which declared that the frost was keener and had lasted longer in 1895, and very much earlier, and that the days of the Great Freeze were numbered. . . .

All honour to the meteorologists who said "if winter comes shall spring be far behind?" . . .

But a more homely history of the freeze would confirm what Dr. Johnson said that when Englishmen meet they talk about the weather. What was said recently is best imagined.

BRITANNIA



Published every Friday by
BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS LTD.
 Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Postage: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. per copy; other places abroad, 3d.

Telephone: City 1522 (16 lines). Telegrams: "Flamtorch, London."

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

FAIRS AND A FEW FACTS.

THESE British Industries Fairs are good things. They signify that we are getting the exhibition-habit and learning the arts of salesmanship and display. Our manufacturers hitherto have been too much content with merely putting the best goods on the market. But goods, even the best, do not sell themselves, least of all in these days of universal shoddy. They need to be shown and shouted. The foreign buyers who have flocked to Birmingham and the White City in the last few days have seen a varied and representative show of British industry, extremely well laid out. They will find a bigger show next year and a bigger one still the year after. In this branch of the business of letting people know what we have to offer we have made a good start.

BUT these Fairs are an object-lesson for our own people as well as for foreigners. They are an epitome of Great Britain's position and destinies in the world of trade. They give a glimpse of the great gamble of British existence and the standing miracle of British power and achievement. Alone among the trading nations we rest not on an agricultural, but on an industrial basis.

A century ago we were a self-supporting people. We can never become so again. The security we once possessed through growing on our own soil a sufficiency of foodstuffs for our own people we have voluntarily relinquished; and it is just because we have relinquished it that some fifty millions of people are able to live in comfort in the British Isles and that the adventuring spirit of British merchants, manufacturers, and capitalists has spread our interests through the universe.

Our Unique Position.

BIRMINGHAM and the White City are reminders that we have gone forth and laid the whole world under tribute on a smaller reserve of home-grown produce than has ever been known in the history of any land. We might have been safe, self-contained and negligible. We have preferred to be great, populous, powerful, and to run transcendent risks. The great bulk of our foodstuffs and our raw materials comes from overseas.

We maintain a population three times as large as we can feed from our own soil. No other nation in the world is in anything like this position. None draws its means of subsistence from such varied

and distant sources as we do. None lives as we do by what it exports. None has staked so much on the ability of its manufacturers and its merchants to get ahead of all rivals in all quarters of the globe. The loss of their foreign trade would be a blow to all countries. To us it would be an irreparable disaster.

THE exhibits at the British Industries Fairs are the coin in which we pay for the food without which we starve and the raw materials without which our factories cannot work. They are the purchase-price of the right to live. They are the ransom with which alone we can redeem the immense hostages we have given to fortune. Destroy our capacity to compete with all other nations in all other markets in selling our manufactured goods, and you destroy Great Britain. It is the most artificial, the most delicately poised position in which any country has ever found itself.

A Challenge to the World.

OTHER nations can afford revolutions, but we cannot. Other nations can feel assured that the utmost injury that a foreign foe or the folly of their own rulers or the dementia of their own people can inflict upon them will eventually be made good by the thrift and labours of the tillers of the soil. We have no such assurance. To other nations strikes and dissension between Capital and Labour, and unsound economic policies spell injuries that for a while may cripple. To us they are nothing less than a cutting of the main artery of our national life. Birmingham and the White City hammer home the moral that, having issued a challenge to commercial combat on level terms to the entire universe, it is our job, and still more obviously to our interest, to keep fit and hard and united.

The Buffer of Liberalism.

IT is odd that in the year 1929 one should have to enter a plea for the right of the British Liberal Party to exist. Only fifteen years ago it was the governing power in the State. Not only, moreover, is the Liberal Party one with historic traditions, but Liberalism itself is an attitude, a state of mind, for which the middle-of-the-road temperament of our people will always have sympathy.

One might think, therefore, especially as the Liberals have some able leaders, fairly definite policies and a much bigger following in the country than their numbers in Parliament would suggest, that their right to fight their own corner in the coming General Election, and to fight it in their own way, would be conceded as a matter of course.

Daring to Exist.

NOT at all. A great many worthy people are most indignant at the impertinence of the Liberal Party in not recognising that it is really extinct.

But, the striking fact is that the Liberals should carry their display of insensibility so far as to threaten to put 500 candidates into the field. Both Conservatives and Socialists agree that this is not playing the game at all. If even a third of the Liberal candidates stood a chance of success it might be another matter. But obviously they do not; and the only effect of their intrusion must be to confound managerial calculations and make the gamble of three-cornered fights a greater gamble still.

But in the absence of a deal with either of the other Parties, they have, in fact, no alternative but

to make the widest demonstration of their strength. They can hardly in any event be worse off than they are at this moment. They may be so much better off that they will hold the balance between Conservatives and Socialists and keep either Party in power—at a price.

It may be argued that this is much better than having two Parties only in the House, a Conservative and a Socialist. Such a situation would inevitably mean one day a full-fledged Socialist Government not merely in office but in power at a price. It may be argued that it is better so, better that there should be three.



Britain's Invitation to Buy. The British Industries Fair, which opened last Monday and will close next Friday, has grown steadily in size and value each year. It is held at the White City, London, and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, where the above exhibit, a dynamic balancing machine, was photographed.

THE great Local Government Bill has now left the House of Commons and the noble Lords "in another place" are wrestling with it. Before this Bill left the popular Chamber everyone was heartily sick of it on both sides of the House. The Conservative and Labour Whips, alike, have so discouraged members other than a few experts, from intervening in the debates in order that the vital clauses of the Bill might have some discussion under the guillotine that the debate practically collapsed on two or three occasions, especially on the English Bill.

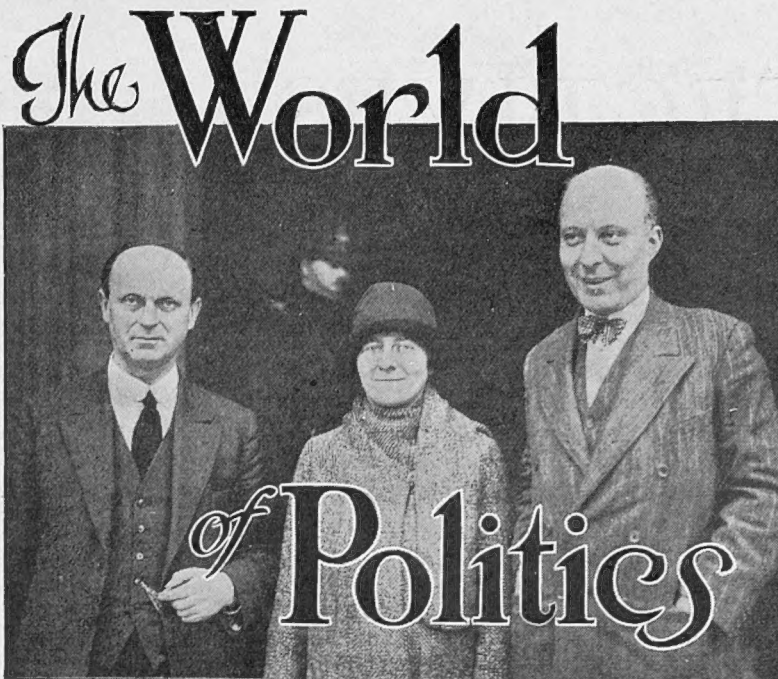
Even the Scots, who took their Bill far more seriously, came to a mutually agreeable arrangement to stop talking about it and to catch their expresses to the North on the Friday. The Speaker was particularly drastic in ruling out amendments, including even the Government amendments, and one of the collapses came so suddenly in the middle of the evening dinner-hour that a vigorously opposed Local Government Bill for Derby swept through without one of the anti-Socialist Opposition, led by Mr. Rye, being present. Even Mr. Rye himself, who specialises in conveyancing law and is a great expert on ground rents and property values, was caught napping. As Mr. "Jimmy" Thomas, who was in charge for the Socialist majority on the Derby Council, jocularly remarked, it was a case of "comin' through the Rye."

What should have been one interesting and novel debate arising out of the Local Government Bill was dropped for reasons which are still a mystery. The Liberal Party, as I have mentioned before in these notes, are "set" on a reform of the electoral system, in other words Proportional Representation or the alternative vote, and the reform is supported by men of all Parties. Colonel Amery and the Earl of Birkenhead amongst the Conservatives, Philip Snowden, Sydney Webb and Colonel Wedgwood amongst the Socialists, being prominent.

LIBERALS' STRANGE MOVE.

The Liberals had an amendment which was perfectly in order, and which the Speaker actually called on, providing for the election of representatives on the new governing bodies under the Local Government Bill to be elected by Proportional Representation. For unexplained reasons they all slipped out of the House before it came on.

The most plausible reason for an episode which intrigued members at the time was in the rumour of bargainings on this subject between Mr. Lloyd George and certain prominent Conservatives, a promised measure



Husband and wife as M.P.'s. Mrs. Hugh Dalton, Member for Bishop Auckland, accompanied by Dr. Hugh Dalton, takes her seat in the House of Commons.

The Shadow of the coming General Election is casting its shadow over the House where attendances are meagre and debates have practically collapsed.

of Proportional Representation being the price of Liberal support in the event of the next General Election ending in a deadlock. If the debate had come on before these discussions were completed, the Government would have had to resist the proposal, the Socialists would have supported them, and only a dozen or twenty Liberals would have gone into the Lobby against the Government Whips. Silence was the best refuge.

MIGRATION PROBLEMS.

BUT a debate of great importance has taken place on the Supplementary Estimate for the expenses of sending the miner harvesters to Canada. This raised the whole question of emigration and Empire settlement. Sir Edward Hilton-Young took an entirely new line from recent Conservative pronouncements on this great Imperial question in declaring that it was a

blunder to link Empire migration up with the problem of unemployment; and he was unexpectedly supported in this by Colonel Amery.

One of the reasons is psychological. Our fellow-countrymen overseas have been made suspicious by tactless proposals to transfer overseas men whom they have been led to understand are unemployable in the Old Country. And the Dominion Labour Parties are hostile. The real fact is, of course, that, far from sending the weaker brethren in our midst to seek their fortunes in the Dominions, our official policy has been to send the very pick of our surplus workers, second to none in the world in skill and character, and then only after preliminary

training. The policy has been perfectly sound, but its weakness has been that it has been attempted on far too small a scale and without sufficient finance behind it. Such a policy cannot be carried out on the cheap.

Commander Locker-Lampson, transferring his undoubted abilities from anti-Russian Bolshevism, is opening up a new line of country on this great Empire question altogether. He is trying to get a Bill through Parliament to transfer their rights to unemployment insurance relief, on a two years' basis with the emigrants, to them in the Dominion they go to, and for the training to take place on Colonial farms instead of at the Ministry of Labour's bureaucratically-controlled training colonies in England. The scheme will depend on its reception overseas.

What a pity Sydney Webb came so late into Parliament and is leaving so soon. If he had become a Member of Parliament twenty years ago he would be a great Parliamentary force now. He probably has the quickest wit and brain of anyone on the Front Opposition Bench, is a first-rate cross-examiner of Ministers, and can get to the heart of a subject more quickly and efficiently than anyone else with the exception of Neville Chamberlain.

THE BY-ELECTIONS.

THE four first by-elections of this year have been what Mr. MacDonald calls a "bad patch," for the Government. North Lanarkshire will probably go Labour too, but Bath should certainly be held with a good majority. The Holland Division of Lincoln, like North Battersea, is, however, a key constituency. If the Socialists win it back Mr. Churchill will have to begin to ring his alarm bell in earnest.

But in any case the shrewder electioneers, among whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his many political ups and downs, is not counted, are deploring the premature creation of an election atmosphere. And both the Prime Minister and Churchill have been doing this.

Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, on the other hand, is really tackling the Socialist's case earnestly and effectively and on a financial basis. And Sir William Joynson-Hicks, also with wisdom, is steadily preaching in the country the virtues of safeguarding.

This kind of argument will be far more effective for the present than attempts to make the flesh of the electors creep two-and-a-half months before the earliest possible polling day. Eels get used to skinning, and even the ordinary electors will get used to frights.

"WESTMINSTER."



Dr. Stella Churchill, who will represent Labour at Brentford in the forthcoming General Election. Dr. Churchill practises at Chiswick, where she is well known.



Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, son of the leader of the Opposition, who is to contest the Bassetlaw Division of Nottingham where he was previously defeated by 1,449.

DETECTIVES

in FACT and FICTION

CONFINED recently to my bed with an attack of influenza, I found leisure to read half a dozen or so volumes of detective fiction.

This intensive experience brought to a head a train of ideas which have long troubled me whenever, for want of more congenial literature, I have enlivened tedious train journeys with such works.

The detective novel is a gigantic system of imposture practised on a credulous public.

THE HOPELESS PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

I DOUBT if there are two private detective agencies in England, or ten in the whole world, whom one could entrust with any more onerous or delicate enquiry than that of tracking a supposedly unfaithful wife.

And even then, if she went in at one door of the Army and Navy Stores and out at another, the private detective would almost certainly lose her.

Anyone with experience of our Courts knows how poor a figure the average private detective agent cuts in the witness-box. Amazing with what diligence he follows the wrong person; with what perseverance he waits outside the door of a room which his quarry has long since vacated; with what lack of finesse he interrogates, and is deceived by, persons interested to lead him astray; with how little skill he disguises himself, so that nobody can possibly mistake his calling and his purpose.

Such is the private detective in life. The amateur detective is even less admirable.

In every book I read during my recent illness, an amateur detective was shown as a creature of superlative intuition, encyclopædic knowledge, extraordinary finesse, and, in most cases, with a gift of disguise which would put the finest professional actor to the blush. And, in exact ratio to his amateur perfection, the Scotland Yard detectives were revealed as stupid, blundering nincompoops. Yet, I repeat, this is not the experience of those of us who have had, in the course of a legal career, to come into contact with detectives, amateur and official.

Like many other distinguished men Lord Birkenhead finds enjoyment in detective stories.

In this article he ridicules the private detective who always follows the wrong person, describes amateur detectives as blundering busybodies, and declares that the professionals of Scotland Yard are the only people who know how to capture criminals.

BLUNDERING BUSYBODIES.

I SUPPOSE that no crime takes place nowadays where there is the slightest doubt about the culprit and his whereabouts without at least half a dozen would-be Sherlock Holmeses endeavouring to take a hand in his detection. I do not recall that in a single actual case of which I have had direct knowledge or of which I have read, these earnest busybodies have contrived in the very slightest degree towards the elucidation of the mystery. They have, on the contrary, often caused the police much extra trouble.

They blunder in where no intelligent policeman would tread. They seize upon, and conceal or damage, materials which in expert hands might convey a useful clue. They besiege the authorities, whether in person or by letter, with half-baked theories and completely incorrect statements. The amateur detective is, in short, a blundering ass; while the private detective agency is not, and does not pretend to be, an important factor in the detection of crime. That mysteries are cleared up, that cunning criminals are brought to

justice, is due, almost if not entirely without exception, to the official detectives who are the butt of all detective novelists.

Miss Dorothy Sayers, editing a recent collection of short detective stories, was obliging enough to trace the rise and fall of the detective of fiction throughout the ages.

She began with the ancients. Sherlock Holmes, she said, could not have reasoned more lucidly from the premises than did Æsop's fox when, asked by the lion why he had not come to pay his respects to the king of beasts, replied: "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but I noticed the track of the animals that have already come to you; and, while I see many hoof-marks going in, I see none coming out. Till the animals that have entered your Cave come out again, I prefer to remain in the open air."



Edgar Allen Poe: The famous author of some of the most thrilling mystery stories in the language. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" are the source of all modern Sherlock Holmeses. Those who know Edgar Allen Poe's Dupin, know how like he is to all amateur detectives, but he was, of course, a very superior type.



Another Edgar—Edgar Wallace whose detective novels delight and excite the million. An author of incredible fertility of plot and incident. Edgar Wallace dispenses with amateurs and only allows his criminals to be pursued by professional detectives.

Miss Sayers pointed out also that in the apocryphal story of Bel and the Dragon "the science of deduction from material clues in the popular Scotland Yard manner, is reduced to its simplest expression," whereas the story of Susannah

and the Elders may, on the other hand, "be taken as foreshadowing the Gallic methods of eliciting the truth by the confrontation of witnesses."

POE—THE SOURCE OF HOLMESES.

THE germ, however, of the modern cult of the amateur detective is in Edgar Allen Poe. In "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" we find the first traces of that prolific fountain from which all the modern Sherlock Holmeses flow. Dupin is that fountain:

Residing in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed, of an illustrious family; but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessities of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

DUPIN'S POWERS.

WE are quickly afforded an example of the "peculiar analytic ability which Dupin possesses:

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words: "He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the Théâtre des Variétés."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

By the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead

G.C.S.I.

"Dupin," said I, gravely, "this is beyond comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed, and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of—?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"Of Chantilly," said he, "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact, I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orin, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the French-

man speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued: "We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C—. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of

paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly sprained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stones), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment,

with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word "stereotomy," a term very affectingly applied to this species of pavement. I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with little notice, the vague guesses of that noble

Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upwards to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps. But in that bitter tirade upon Chantilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that this was in reference to

Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungenicies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your

full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditation, to remark that as, in fact, he was a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the Théâtre des Variétés.

THE FAMILIAR THEME.

I do not recall that Sherlock Holmes ever quoted Latin to our dear thick-headed Watson; but then, Chevalier C. Auguste Dupin, although he too possessed an "indolent humour" and an equal contempt of the official police, neither played the violin nor took drugs. To every genius his own trade-marks.

Who knows Dupin, knows them all. I need not mention here the more remarkable, not to say incredible, deductions and analyses of his myriad successors.

TWO TO MAKE A DETECTIVE.

I SHOULD very much like to have the views of a competent member of the C.I.D. upon some of the claims made by various Dr. Watsons on behalf of their marvellous friends. They might confirm my theory that it takes two to make a great detective—the detective himself and his Watson.

So long, indeed, as the average reader is content to align himself with the thick-headed friend, so long will the Dupins and Holmeses beget their profitable progeny. But I detect signs of a reaction. The rise to fame of Mr. Edgar Wallace, explicable while it is by his incredible fertility of plot and incident, owes something, I fancy, to the fact that his criminals are opposed by professional, not amateur, detectives; that Scotland Yard in his books is not a mere hospital for the feeble-minded.

AND this, being in accordance with the everyday facts of life, will perhaps soon drive all the naturally indolent, marvellously analytical, Latin-quoting, violin-playing, utterly impossible amateur detectives into their graves. The private detective agencies will doubtless continue to watch the swing doors of the Stores; and Scotland Yard, will do all the work and receive all too little of the credit of criminal investigations.



Courtesy of "Strand Magazine."
Sherlock Holmes, the most popular detective in fiction—but too good to be true. No crime, however serious, baffled his powers of detection and analysis.



Courtesy of "Strand Magazine."
"My dear Watson." The friend and helper of Sherlock Holmes. No tale is complete without Watson as someone for Sherlock Holmes to talk to and mystify.



Chief Inspector Berrett, one of Scotland Yard's famous detectives. He attained particular distinction in the recent motor car murder case in Essex, and was largely instrumental in bringing the two murderers Kennedy and Brown to justice.



Charles Laughton, whose memorable performance in "Alibi" entitles him to be described as the most competent stage detective of the day. Stage detectives are often more efficient than those in real life.



EIDERDOWN RESERVED FOR THE CAR

*(No sleep for motorists
on cold nights in 1908)*

IN THOSE DAYS: Pistons were frozen tight with treacly oil that had congealed overnight.

NOW: Use the oil specially made to resist low temperatures—and the petrol that vaporises in a cold cylinder—and you get a quick start without fail.

The Quick-Starting Pair

SHELL OIL AND PETROL

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events.

LONDON will decidedly miss Herr Sthamer. He came here as German Ambassador seven or eight years ago when the memories of the war were still vitriolic. We were not actually kicking dachshunds in the streets, but the idea of meeting and speaking to a two-footed German was strange and repugnant. As for admitting him to our homes or clubs, that was out of the question. This bourgeois Hamburg lawyer sensed the atmosphere and was much too wise to try to dissipate it by force. He just waited for time to clear it. And time, aided by his own unassuming and transparent straightforwardness, has worked the miracle.

Seven years ago he had difficulty in getting the shops to supply him with a decent cut of beef. But last year there was a *musical* at the Embassy at which "all London" was enthusiastically and enjoyably present. It was the reward of much patient, honest, tactful effort. A queer man in many ways, to find presiding over an Embassy emblazoned with the memories of Metternich, Marschall and Lichnowsky. But not one of the professional diplomats of the old régime could have accomplished what Herr Sthamer has achieved.

Blind Man's Buff Election.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL was quite right in ringing the changes on his alarm bell the other day on all that we do not know about the coming General Election. Personally I cannot recall an appeal to the country with more promise of resembling a game of blind man's buff.

The uncertainty that surrounds the new women voters has largely to be thanked for this. Many people, in spite of an intelligible desire to disagree with Lord Rothermere on everything, think with him that they will plump for the Socialists. But only a few days ago, in a London East End constituency out of some 1,500 of the newly-enfranchised who came to a concert interlarded with political speeches, nearly 500 signed on with the Conservative Party. I draw no conclusions, I make no prophecies, but there is evidence in the increased activities of women speakers pleading the Conservative cause that the leaders believe in the women!

"Every Man a Capitalist."

INCIDENTALLY I imagine that a good deal of interest will be focussed in the next few months on the eight Conservatives who are fighting East End constituencies.

Colonel "Johnny" Dodge, the Hon. Evan Morgan and Mr. Loel Guinness are the best-



Setting Women to catch Women—A few of the speakers learning the art of political persuasion at Conservative Headquarters.

known among them, and they are all able, sincere men who may be trusted to give a good account of themselves. Socialism in England is very much like Bolshevism in Russia—it soon yields to a touch of personal humanity.

These young men have the human personal touch; they are working on new lines and striking a fresh note; they are showing that the West End *does* care; and to the Socialist programme of class-war and "Down with Capitalism" they are quite unflinchingly opposing their own ideals of social goodwill and "Every Man a Capitalist." These ideals, reinforced by exceptional good looks, wealth and an atmosphere of sporting romance, are beginning to take hold. The East End may not be entirely represented by Socialists in the next Parliament.

A New "Mixed" Club.

I HEAR that a new club, a better and brighter Bath Club, will soon come into existence. Lord Wodehouse, Lord Alastair Innes-Kerr, Col. Wyndham-Portal and Lord Airlie are among those who are keenly pushing it, and their scheme includes a swimming-bath, four squash racquet courts, Turkish baths, a gymnasium, and, later on, a private golf course. The new club will be housed in that astounding edifice which makes Park Lane, London, a parody of Park Avenue, New York.

It will be, of course, a mixed club—I say "of course," because a merely masculine club nowadays is a foredoomed financial failure, if not a direct infringement of the Married Women's Property Act—assuming such an Act to exist. The Bath Club itself is electing no new women members; its waiting list is the envy

of St. James's Street and Pall Mall; for the new offshoot there is every promise of a healthy, "smart" and un-Goddarded life.

When the Provinces Fail.

WHICH reminds me to ask why there are so few really attractive clubs in the provinces. We all know the stuffy "County" club. We all know, too, the three-fourths business, one-fourth social, clubs to be found in Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool, congested areas at lunch and dreary deserts at dinner.

In a few seaside places and a few highly residential spots like Bath, Cheltenham, and Leamington, there are clubs that do not immediately strike one as so many undertakers' ante-rooms. But in general we have nothing like the splendid urban, and still less the unsurpassable country clubs, that abound in America. We are turning a good many of our old historic mansions into schools, but hardly any of them into clubs—the real universities. The

reason must be that "the decay of home life" has not gone so far as we pretend.

Lord Melchett's Three Passions.

I DO not suppose for one moment that Lord Melchett, having carried organised Labour so far with him on the road to industrial sanity, expected to be joined all at once by the organised employers. At any rate when I saw him the day after the F.B.I. had partially turned down the Melchett-Turner proposals he seemed quite cheerful and equally confident that the die-hards on the one side would ultimately see the light like the extremists on the other.

Lord Melchett is by all odds our biggest and most creative man of business, but he is feeling now that his rôle is to supply the ideas and let other and younger men work them out. Money-making as such has long lost its interest. Politics he might be keen on again if the Conservatives were to offer him a first-rate Cabinet post. But the three

causes that are absorbing more and more of his time and thought are (1) the Empire and its economic development, (2) Industrial Peace and Reorganisation, and (3) Palestine. On all three he may leave a bigger mark out of office than in it.

The high position to which Lord Melchett has attained and the respect he enjoys as a great industrial leader possessed of wide imagination, provides an interesting comment that in politics he was not a dazzling success!



The first Briton to fly in Britain. Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.P., whose claim to be the first British subject to make an aeroplane flight in this country has been admitted by the Royal Aero Club. The flight took place on May 2, 1909, when Colonel Brabazon flew a Voisin biplane in the Isle of Sheppey, attaining a height of 50 to 80 feet.



The Grand Old Man of the Law: Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who has just celebrated his 88th birthday. This photograph was specially taken in Sir Edward Clarke's chambers in the Temple.

Lord Barnby and His Son.

THE late Lord Barnby—I met him first ten years or so ago when he was a skipping youngster of 77—was a ferocious worker who never walked if he could run, never ran if he could ride a horse, neither smoked nor drank, had a brain that could take in any business problem, and was the most vigorous combination of North country shrewdness, sportsmanship and generosity that ever delighted the City by an occasional visit.

His son, whom it will be hard to think of as anything but Col. Vernon Willey, is also a demon of energy and abilities, with the family physique and good looks thrown in.



New Year's Honour: Mr. J. C. G. Davidson, C.H., M.P., who is expected to be made a Privy Councillor. Member for Hemel Hempstead, Mr. Davidson has been Chairman of the Conservative Party since November, 1926.

Still only 45 he has been the most pushing President the Federation of British Industries has ever known, he is one of the most sought - after men of his day by banks and "Big Business;" he "controlled" the supply of wool during the war (after a gallant record in Egypt and Gallipoli), and he is an insatiable polo player and rider to hounds. In fact he is much too busy to get married.

Sir Edward Clarke's Vitality.

TALKING of octogenarians who in body, brains and interest in life are a match for men fifty years their junior—look at this photograph of Sir Edward Clarke. Can you beat it for power, virility and that glance of pouncing intelligence that used to dominate witnesses and juries before most of the great little man's present contemporaries were born?

The last time I saw Sir Edward, it was quite recently, he was running up the stairs of the Garrick Club. Which reminds me that one of the most beautiful sights in London during the past decade was to see Sir Squire Bancroft and Sir Edward Clarke together. It was impossible to take one's eyes away from them. Both well over eighty and both as vivacious and as much on the spot as though the one had just scored his first hit on the stage and the other had just won his first suit. It was a moving, an irresistible sight, and I very much doubt whether the charm of it could have been equalled by any two women in the world.

A Great Journalist.

FOR hundreds of British visitors America will not be the same now that Melville Stone is dead. Whatever one's business, one went to see him first of all, to sit at his feet and be guided by his wizened wisdom. Every side of American life had been an open book to him for half a century, and his judgment on men and events was the soundest



Salmon in ice: Prince Arthur of Connaught as fisherman. Examining flies for the salmon fishing he hopes to enjoy on the Dee in Scotland, when the ice breaks.

I have ever come across among his fellow-citizens.

To hear him holding forth at the Lotos Club in the deliberately dry and whimsical style of the professional American monologist, drawing on memories that went back to Lincoln and at the same time behind the scenes of everything that was passing at the moment, was to earn a rich reward for being a good listener. Perhaps his nearest equivalent in Great Britain is Lord Beaverbrook. At any rate I know several highly placed Americans and Canadians who do not even announce their arrival in London until they have first had a talk with Lord Beaverbrook and learned the lie of the land. These human intelligence bureaux are useful institutions.

Lily Langtry.

SOMEBODY has been complaining that in all that has been written of Lily Langtry the real woman has been left unrevealed.

I wonder if from my memories of her I

could fill a little of the gap. Her face, when I first met her some twenty years ago, had still a beauty that inclined to the ultra-reposeful type. It rarely lit up with the radiance that belongs to her daughter, Lady Malcolm. Her eyes were tired and more haunted than haunting—one could read in them a life of strain. She had the possessed manners of one who was equal to any social emergency. While I never heard her say a good thing, she knew how to keep the conversational ball rolling and had the feminine art of making others talk well.

Beerbohm Tree was never in better form than in her company, and she could hold her own even against his most daring railery. She loved life and having people around her, never posed or boasted, only talked about herself and her triumphs when she was asked to, and, to my knowledge, never said an unkind word about anyone. The most interesting thing about her was that she was Lily Langtry. The next most interesting thing was that she was not a cat.



The new Lord Barnby: The Hon. F. Vernon Willey, who succeeds his father, whose death occurred a few days ago. He inherits his father's inexhaustible energy, and is too busy to get married.

A Long Fight with Russia.

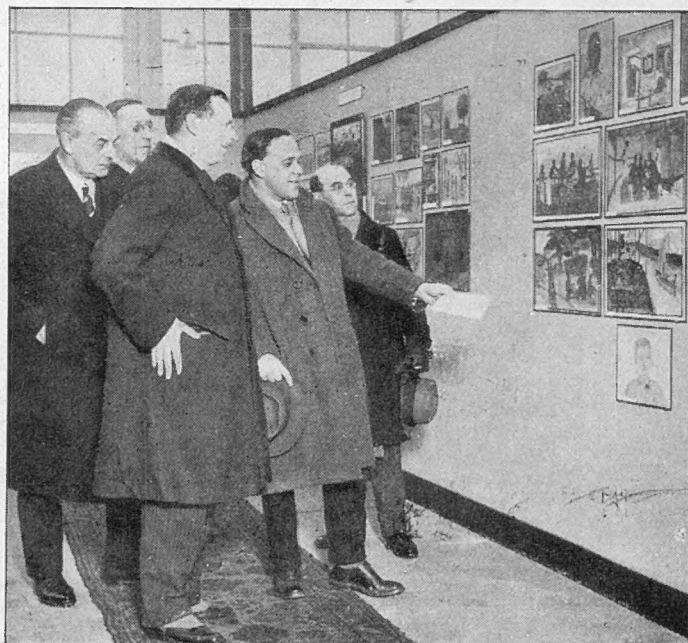
I HAVE seen many references of late in the financial papers to Mr. Leslie Urquhart, whose long fight with the Soviet for the restitution of his Russian properties seems to be nearing its end. The City is a hive of interesting men, but I know none whose life has had more thrills and more romance than Mr. Urquhart's. A mining engineer by profession, he lived all his life up to the Revolution in Russia, where at one time he had the President Elect of the United States as a partner. With a powerful and persuasive personality Mr. Urquhart has a gift for tongues that always humiliates me.

I have seen Russians and Turks equally bewildered by his mastery not only of their languages, but of their dialects.

A Sedative with Thrills.

THE day may come, perhaps, when young couples will be able to furnish the entire love nest by the delectable process of smoking somebody's cigarettes. Already many of the luxury requirements of this generation are to be obtained by collecting coupons and cartons.

Now I observe that that great benefactor, Mr. Bernard Baron, is offering to equip us with a library of Edgar Wallace novels if we but consume a sufficient quantity of "Black Cats." This is very useful and quite apropos. What, for example, is the fag end of a black cat? Obviously a tale. And tobacco is so recognised as a sedative that it is a cute idea to give it a thrill.

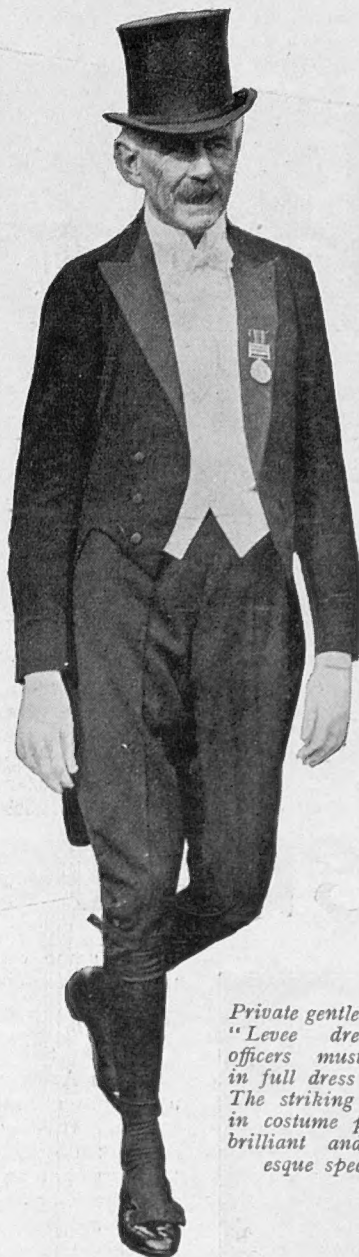


Gold Coast Art: Mr. Ormsby Gore, M.P. (hand on hip), who opened an exhibition of the work of Gold Coast artists at the Imperial Institute. Mr. Stevens, late art master at the Prince of Wales's College, Achimola, points out the merits of a picture.

Passing *the* Presence

In the absence of the King the Royal Levees at St. James's Palace will be held by the Prince of Wales. The Levee is a miracle of organisation, for as many as a thousand people are "presented" in just over an hour.

By Horace Wyndham



Private gentlemen wear "Levee dress" but officers must appear in full dress uniform. The striking contrasts in costume provide a brilliant and picturesque spectacle.

IN his capacity as Lord Chamberlain, an announcement was issued recently by the Earl of Cromer that the first Levee of the 1929 season will be held at St. James's Palace on February 26th. This will be succeeded by others during the following three months; and at each of them the Prince of Wales will deputise for his Majesty the King. In order that such functions may not be shorn of any of their importance, it has been officially ruled that this year's "presentations" to his Royal Highness shall rank as if they were made to the King himself.

LEVEE LAWS.

A LEVEE is limited to the male sex, and is thus to a man very much what a "Court" is to a woman. Thus, it gives him the opportunity of coming into personal contact with his Sovereign. For this reason it has its own pageantry and etiquette, and special regulations govern the matter of attending. Officers (other than those of the Indian and Colonial forces, the Brigade of Guards, and the Household Cavalry) submit their applications to the Admiralty and the War Office; officers of the Indian Army and the Colonial forces to the India Office and the Colonial Office; and officers of the Foot Guards and the Household Cavalry to the Lord Chamberlain.

Members of the Civil Service apply to the heads of their respective departments; peers, bishops, lords-lieutenant, M.P.'s and private gentlemen to the Lord Chamberlain; judges and K.C.'s to the Lord Chancellor; and Lord Mayors and sheriffs, etc., to the Home Secretary.

CANCELLED INVITATIONS.

If the application is approved (and it is only in the rarest instances that it is not) a card of admission is forwarded. If, by any chance, it is discovered that admission has been improperly obtained, the authorities act very sharply; and a notice appears in the *London Gazette* to the effect that "the presentation of — at the Levee held on — is cancelled."

The last instance of this step being adopted was when a professional bookmaker managed to hoodwink the Lord Chamberlain and receive a card. In the "good old days" precautions were so little observed that there seem to have been many such mishaps. Thus, the Duke of Wellington once recognised an ex-convict among the throng about to be "presented"; and Townsend, the Bow Street "runner," actually arrested a notorious pickpocket in the Throne-Room itself.

FINE FEATHERS.

THE sartorial regulations require officers to wear full dress uniform, and private gentlemen to wear "Levee dress." This latter term implies a black velvet suit, with buckled shoes, cocked hat, sword, and white gloves complete.

As the average civilian's wardrobe does not often contain such items (the cost of which is about £70) the custom is to hire them from firms that make a speciality of this service. The result is not always satisfactory in respect of fit. Still, these are days when economy has to be studied.

If only by reason of the great variety of uniforms worn, a Levee is full of picturesque touches. Indian Princes, members of the *Corps Diplomatique*, Cabinet Ministers, and Lords-lieutenant and Sheriffs, together with naval and military officers, and a sprinkling of judicial, civil, and ecclesiastical dignitaries, are all to be encountered there. Men who have grown grey in public life mingle with youths standing on the threshold of it, all drawn together in a common bond of homage to the Sovereign. The gathering is thus an epitome of the Empire.

EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY.

A LEVEE is timed to begin at 12 noon. Everybody, however, makes a point of reaching St. James's Palace by 11 o'clock. The general public, who regard the ceremony as one of the "free sights" of London, assemble on the pavement, as near the doorway as the police will let them, an hour earlier.

There is always much to see and hear. A Guards band plays in the Friary Court; field-m Marshals, admirals, ambassadors, bishops, and judges, with well-known figures in the worlds of art and literature and finance and politics and society, arrive every few minutes, and challenge recognition among the interested crowd. But only a fleeting glimpse can be caught of them, for they slip swiftly through a narrow door and vanish into the Palace.

As a preliminary, the throng assembles in a long, red-walled, crimson-carpeted room on the ground floor. Then, proceeding up a broad staircase, lined with Yeomen of the Guard, the company enter another room, the walls of which are hung with trophies of weapons. This leads into a tapestried ante-room, and the ante-room in turn into the Throne-Room.

IN THE THRONE-ROOM.

THE Throne-Room at St. James's Palace is a splendid apartment, big and square and lofty, the walls covered with silk and hung with portraits. At the upper end, in front of a velvet curtain, is the Throne, standing on a dais. Surrounding it is a semicircle of high officials, the principal of whom is the Lord Chamberlain. Other officials of the Household are grouped near him, to keep a watchful eye on the company and to see that all goes smoothly.

But all does go smoothly, and with clockwork precision. As it comes to the turn of each member of the throng to advance, his card is taken from him. The Lord Chamberlain reads out the name, and nods meaningfully. This is the signal. The bearer steps forward and bows. There is a gracious acknowledgment from the figure on the Throne and the "presentation" is effected.

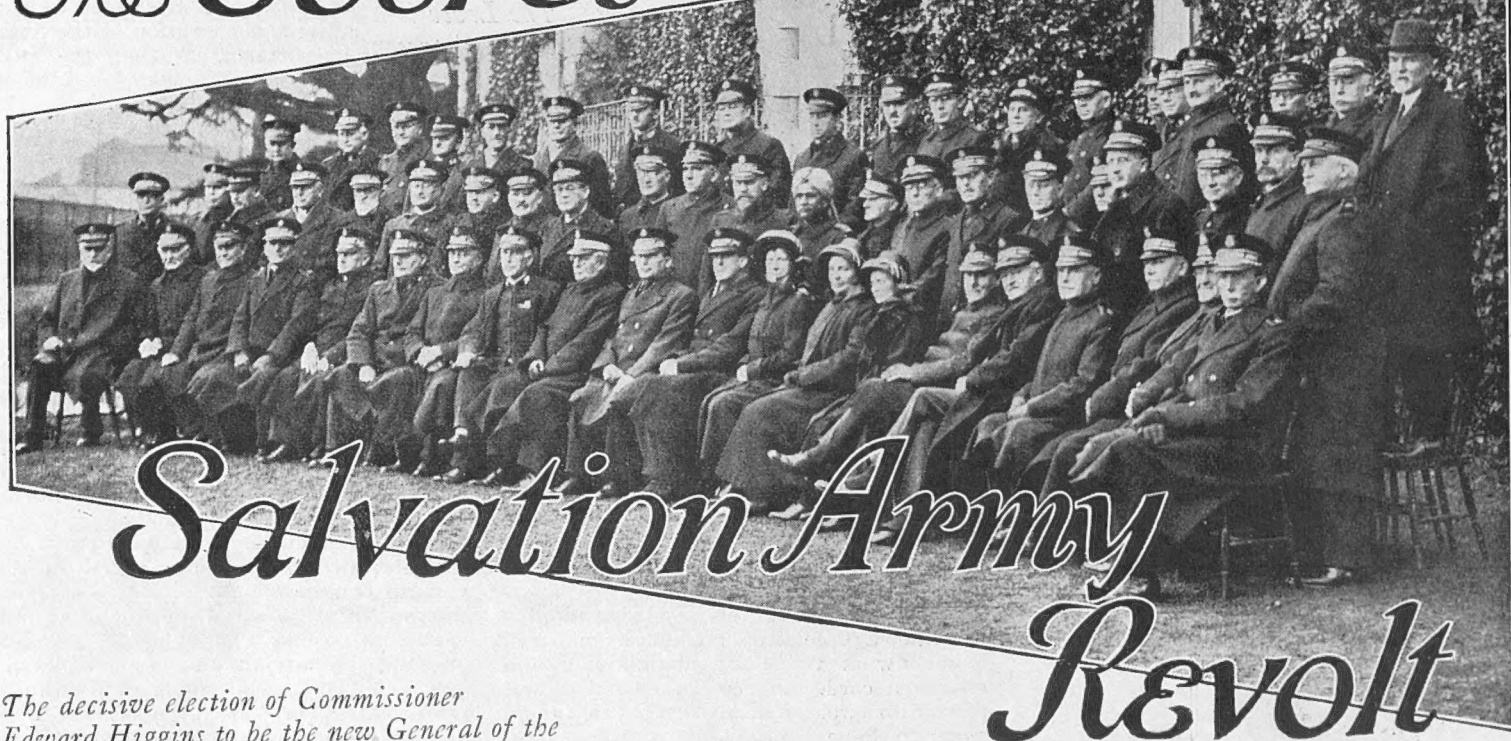
TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

That is all. No hurry, no scrambling, no fuss. Everything "on wheels," as it were. In fact, a Levee is a triumph of organisation and good management. Without a hitch, an average total of one thousand individuals "pass the Presence" in the compass of little more than an hour.



A Levee is confined to the male sex. It is to a man what a "Court" is to a woman.

The Secret



Salvation Army Revolt

The decisive election of Commissioner Edward Higgins to be the new General of the Salvation Army will, it is hoped, end the dissensions which have caused no little bitterness and mark the beginning of ever more fruitful work among the destitute and the fallen.

By F. A. Mackenzie

WHAT caused the revolt in the Salvation Army? Who is to blame for it? Let me write quite frankly in answer to these questions.

The Salvation Army revolt is due to the resentment of his followers against what they consider the harsh autocracy and favouritism of General Bramwell Booth. The General is undoubtedly a very able and successful administrator. Since he took supreme control of the Army, after the death of his father in 1912, the power and wealth of the movement have grown very greatly. In 1912 it was working in 58 countries and colonies. Now its flag is flying in 83 lands. The Army press has increased in circulation by nearly 100 per cent., and the number of officers and cadets devoting their whole time to the work has grown nearly 50 per cent., while there are half as many corps and outposts again as there were.

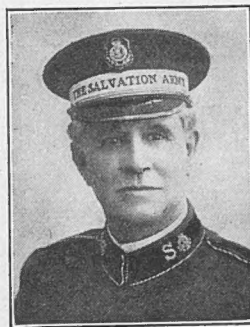
If we are to regard the Salvation Army solely as a business institution, then General Booth must be reckoned



General Bramwell Booth, meant by nature to be a lawyer rather than a leader of fiery evangelists. He vigorously contested his right to retain the leadership.

of its very peculiar nature well be run on a purely commercial basis. It is an Army of spiritual purpose.

The officers of the Salvation Army, even the highest, are paid salaries at which many skilled



Commissioner Edward Higgins, the newly-elected General of the Salvation Army; "A strong and just man."

cluding his house. When General Booth's sister, Evangeline, controlled the work throughout Canada, her salary was \$7 a week. They do not ask for more, but obviously people who have given up their lives for a cause in this fashion cannot be handled

one of the most successful business organisers of our time.

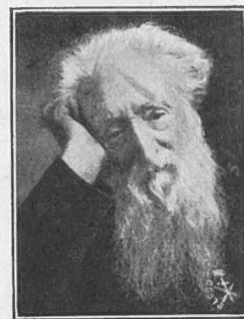
But the Salvation Army by reason of the fact



The late Mrs. General Booth, the patient wife and loyal co-helper of the founder.

mechanics would smile contemptuously.

A married man may be controlling a province half the size of England, and yet receive less than £5 a week, not in-



General Booth, father of General Bramwell Booth, founder of the Army; autocrat and lovable tyrant.

be dismissed in an hour without compensation, should the General desire.

THE ARMY'S FOUNDER.

The officer in high place in London can be sent at a word to a lesser post at the ends of the earth. Such a system can obviously only continue for long when the supreme commander has the confidence and good will of his subordinates.

Old General Booth was a tyrant in his way, but he was a lovable tyrant, and his officers would rather be bullied by him than praised by anyone else. They knew that he was eaten up with enthusiasm for the cause to which they had all given their lives, and he had a great humanity about him that won him universal love and confidence.

General Bramwell Booth is a man of different type with all his undoubted enthusiasm for the real spirit of the Salvation Army he seems by nature to be more fitted to be a banker or a lawyer. I once said that in the Law he might have become Lord Chancellor of England.

in the same way that commercial employees are.

THE Salvation Army is a unique organisation. It operates at ordinary times without any real check on the power or decisions of the General. He is the absolute director of its affairs, and every officer, high or low, holds his place at his mercy. The mightiest commissioner can

As Chief of Staff of the Salvation Army he was a real success, the complement of his father's qualities. He supplied the power of close application to minor things necessary in building up such a work, but it was the genius of the father, not the patient labour of the son, that brought the Salvation Army to where it is.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLT.

FOR the first few years after his succession of his father, Bramwell Booth filled the office of General to the general satisfaction of the Army. While not a great public speaker, he was an unsurpassable president in the Councils of Officers which played a large part in the Army organisation, and he was a real administrator.

But soon after 1914 complaint of the General's rule began among the officers of his staff. Field officers, captains and lieutenants and the rank and file knew nothing of this; the knowledge was carefully kept from them.

It is, of course, impossible for an outsider to say how far this discontent was justified. The main complaint of the officers was that they were harshly and relentlessly driven and were expected to follow the General's lead without having an opinion of their own.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker, the General's brother-in-law, who boldly faced him, was sent into private life.

Colonel Carpenter, one of General Booth's chief personal assistants, who warned him about the discontent caused by the rapid promotion of his own children, was sent from London to cool his heels in a minor post in Melbourne. Almost the whole London staff saw Colonel Carpenter off and they gave him a remarkable farewell.

THE REBELS FIND A CHAMPION.

I HAVE no doubt that General Booth was charged with the highest sense of duty in acting as he did. He did not realise that you can drive the willing horse too far and too hard.

The Salvation Army leaders were further affronted by what they considered the unfairly rapid promotion he was giving his own

children. They specially feared that the General intended to make his daughter, Commissioner Catherine Booth, his successor. In the opinion of most of the leaders of the Army this would have been a



Lieut. Commissioner Yamamuro, the Salvation Army's representative in Japan, who attended the famous meeting at Sunbury Court.



Colonel Mary Booth, daughter of General Bramwell Booth, who is a staunch supporter of her father.

great mistake, so great that they were prepared to do all they could to prevent it.

But who dared speak? To protest

meant the possibility of exile or retirement. When things looked blackest, the officers and territorial leaders found a champion in Commander Evangeline Booth, head of the American Salvation Army.

Nominally, Commander Evangeline was as much under the control of the General as were any other staff officers. According to the constitution of the Army he could dismiss her in the most summary fashion. But actually the Commander was in so strong a position that he dared not remove her.

The American Army is the richest, the most successful, and the most powerful group of the General's forces outside this country. It holds a position in America difficult to realise here. Were General Booth to attempt to discipline or remove his sister, the entire American Salvation Army would break away from London in a day, transferring all of its vast properties with it. The paper guarantees against this could be ripped up with little difficulty, and General Booth knows this.

DEFIED BY HIS SISTER.

MISS EVANGELINE, who is one of the most eloquent, forceful, and successful of modern religious leaders, faced her brother and demanded that he should waive the right

which he possessed of appointing his own nominee as General, and allow a High Council of the heads of the Army to have their choice.

General Booth flatly refused and attempted to have the constitution of the Army changed so that the High Council should be deprived of some of its powers. This led to a formal protest by nine of the British Commissioners, the foremost controllers of the Army. This was the position at the beginning of May when General Booth, doubtless on account of the anxiety caused by the struggle, completely collapsed in health.

The protesting British Commissioners now found themselves confronted by a difficult situation. They had the power to summon a High Council, but if they did so they would risk killing the General.

On the other hand, if the General died before they had done anything, his nominee would succeed him and be all-powerful against them. The Commissioners waited until November, when General Booth was apparently dying, and then at the last moment,

when it seemed as though he could not last many days longer, they signed a requisition summoning the High Council. By this means they hoped to prevent the appointment of the General's nominee as his successor, without doing any harm to the General himself. Unfortunately for their plans, the General in place of dying began to recover.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SUGGESTION.

FEW know that the man really responsible for the crisis in the Salvation Army was Mr. Gladstone. In 1896 Gladstone and General Booth had a long talk in the library at Hawarden.

The veteran statesman inquired closely into the constitution of the Salvation Army, and when General Booth told him that the General is an autocrat who appoints his own successor, Gladstone at once inquired what would happen if the autocrat failed of his duty, or failed in faith and became a heretic.

Gladstone quoted examples from history and suggested that General Booth should do as the Vatican had done, establish a Supreme Council that could act as a check on a future General who proved unfit.

William Booth gave heed and the High Council of the Salvation Army was the result.

In conclusion I must point out that it is impossible to discuss the legal aspects of the case when proceedings are still pending. Should the High Council triumph, we are likely to see widespread reforms in the Army.

The office of General will be limited to seven years. The General will no longer be the sole trustee of the Army, but the property will be held by Boards of Trustees, leaving him free for leadership. The tremendous social enthusiasm and religious inspiration that has added so much force to the Army's work, will be used I believe on a more effective scale than ever.



General Booth with his faithful daughter Catherine. He is recovering his health and is here seen studying official documents connected with his legal action.



*It's quite true... they do not stick
to my lips nor affect my throat*

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Only Cigarettes Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING. CARRERAS LTD. 141 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY.

Those FILM Audiences

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

Our film critic here discusses those irritating people who make obvious remarks about the film during its performance; he advocates their compulsory suppression.

I WAS being a happy little screen fan the other night—front row of the circle, which is my favourite place, and one of the advantages of being an alleged critic is that you quite often get there—when a slight local disturbance arose to ruffle the prevailing anticyclone of atmospheric calm. It arrived in the shape of an Informative Voice from the row behind—I did not venture to look round, but assembled around it in imagination a thick and important moustache, heavy gold watch-chain and rounded waistcoat ruthlessly done up to the last button—which proceeded to act as an honorary *Bædeker* or *Child's Guide to Knowledge*.

I hasten to add that the Voice was entirely correct in its observations. When it intimated to us that a tram was passing, sure enough there was a tram on the film. "Children going to school"—yes, they were undoubtedly visible, complete with satchels. Obviously the veracity of the Unknown could not be impugned, nor would a mere direct "Shush!" probably have availed to improve the situation.

A TIMELY INTERVENTION.

I WAS therefore profoundly grateful for the intervention of two young men on my immediate right who, realising that imitation is not always the sincerest flattery, by a brief but rapid series of rival interjections such as "Look, that's a postman," or "See, there's a horse," speedily



Lady Rowena looks down from her window in "When Knights Were Bold."

reduced the instructive one to a defeated silence. And then we all settled down to peace once more.

That is, as all film fans know, a kind of *contretemps* that frequently occurs in picture theatres. It is not unknown, of course, in performances of stage plays. But there, in the first place, you have a spoken dialogue to drown all but the most insistent whispers, and furthermore, it is agreed by the majority that all talk except from behind the footlights is at least officially *taboo*.

Whereas, at the cinema, where every sound breaks into the prevailing silence, quite a number of people have the odd



"When Knights Were Bold," with its mediæval setting, lends itself to screen production and promises to be a success.

idea that they can give their very elementary conversational efforts free rein.

COMPULSORY SILENCE.

AS a matter of fact, films in some ways demand more continuous and concentrated attention than plays, for the very reason that all the work has to be done intensively through the eye. Talkers do not interrupt the actors, certainly, but they are twice as much a nuisance to other members of the audience.

I should like to impose on them a ban at least as solemn and authoritative as that enforced in the Silence Rooms of old-and-exclusive clubs or the reading room of a great museum. Or let them go to the "talkies," where the stentorian, resonant and metallic accents issuing from the screen will surely soon reduce them, too, to a shamed silence.

On the other hand, there are some points about our fellow-members of the audience that we cinema-goers can most distinctly congratulate ourselves on, as compared with the theatre variety. For one thing, there are none of those extremely irritating, if well-meant, bursts of applause which so often break into the action of the play, and possibly spoil the effect of a tense moment.

A MISTAKE STARS MAKE.

I NOTE, by the way, a growing tendency for the stars of a film which is being given at a big house to appear on the stage in person at the end of the show. It is a mistake. Film stars are, many of them, most delightful people, but they are liable to lose much of their glamour when divorced from their photographic activities on the screen, their picturesque settings, and their "film faces."

They may possibly look just as beautiful or handsome off the screen as on—I can think of one at least, Miss Eve Gray, who is more attractive off—but the appearance of your hero or heroine in mufti against a background of tall, dark curtains after an exciting drama must always be in the nature of an anti-climax. I think curtain calls on the stage, too, are a pity, but at least the chief characters are still in the costume of the play and with its scenery behind them to keep alive the spark of that illusion.



Geoffrey Moss's famous novel, "Sweet Pepper," makes an astonishing film. Eve Gray and Warwick Ward take the principal parts.

The Mystery of LAWRENCE of ARABIA

BY LOWELL THOMAS
(His friend and confidant)

When the war broke out the name of Colonel Lawrence was unknown. He was an obscure scholar living the life of a hermit. Before the war was over he had led the Arabs in revolt against the Turks, and experienced more adventures than fell to the lot of any man in the war. Scholar, philosopher, military strategist, private soldier, and author of one of the most remarkable books in the language. Lawrence of Arabia is a human enigma whose life is a mystery, and whose personality has never been revealed.

LAURENCE has returned from India. And that brings to the foreground once more the extraordinary personality of the youthful archæologist who, although a Christian, inspired and led the fanatical Moslems of Arabia in their revolt against the Turks during the war.

If the man ever lived whose singularities of character have intrigued people more, I know not of him. He is one of those human enigmas who exert the fascination that goes with the world "puzzle."

For several years now I have made an effort to stop telling my tale of Lawrence's exploits in Arabia. You see, I have had rather a heavy dose of it. During the years immediately following the war I related the tale a few thousand times to audiences in various parts of the world, from Dublin to Singapore and from Maine to New Zealand. And after a session like that I presume it is normal for one to want to do something else. In fact, I have told such parts of his tale as I knew until I thought my mind would petrify. But whenever I have tried to give it up I have found still other audiences eager to be told about the mysterious Lawrence. Nor do I attribute this to my personal prowess as a raconteur. Apparently the reason is simply that every

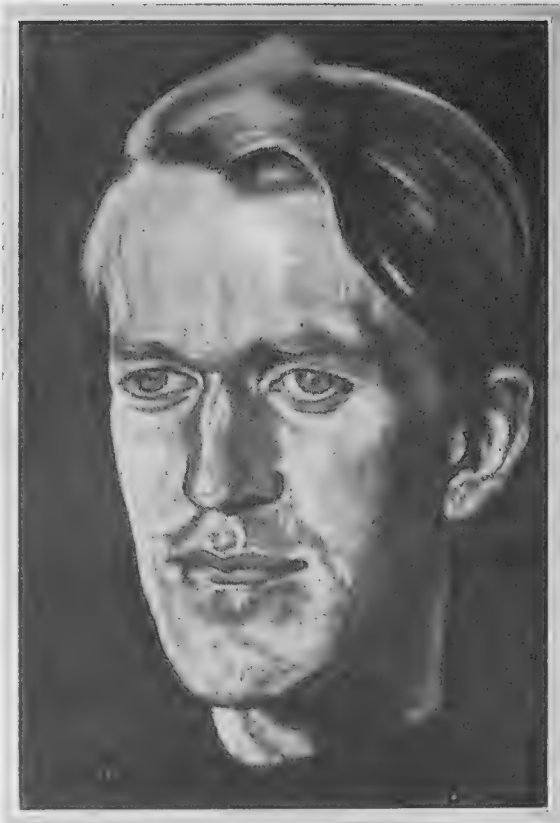
human being who hears a little about Lawrence wants to know more.

Whenever I am out on a speaking tour variations of the same question are put to me time after time every day: "What sort of a person is this weird fellow?" To tell you the truth, I don't quite understand Lawrence myself. However, I will give you the elements of the problem, and you can work it out in your own way.

THE MOTHER TALKS OF HER SON.

HIS mother came to tea at our flat in London one afternoon just before she left for the Chinese-Tibetan frontier, where she intended to spend the rest of her days living with another son who is a medical missionary. I recall her as a typical English lady, a little softer and a little more cultured than many. She was rather thin, slightly taller than her son, whose diminutive stature, by the way, she explained as having been caused by a fall in childhood, when he broke his leg and hardly grew afterwards. Her hair was grey. She had twinkling, merry blue eyes with a touch of sadness in them, sadness caused by sorrow, no doubt.

She had lost her husband many years before and afterwards, during the World



Colonel T. E. Lawrence. A portrait study by his friend, Eric Kennington. Although insignificant in stature, Lawrence of Arabia, has a long face, penetrating eyes, and grim, determined jaw which set him apart from other men.

War, her two eldest sons had been killed. Colonel Lawrence once remarked to me that those two were by far the ablest men in the family. Her face was strong with some of the iron determination that you see in Colonel Lawrence's face. Her costume was attractively simple—not noticeable in fact. I really find it a bit difficult to describe her and can best sum up my impression by saying that both my wife and I were very pleased to find her to be a woman of such charm. She was just what you would want the mother of such a man to be.

In response to a question of my wife's, she said that she herself had never been quite able to fathom her son "T.E.," or "Ned" as his family and childhood associates called him. She said that he had always led a topsy-turvy life, was something of a Bedouin at heart, and she never had the slightest idea what he was going to do next.

"As a boy he was always climbing to dangerous heights where he should not go. He would go off on long, lonely walking tours without any companion, and without permission. He read ravenously, but usually did his studying at night when others slept. I always looked upon him as something of a genius."

And when she spoke of her son as a genius there was no noticeable trace of pride in her voice. She is undoubtedly proud of him. We could tell this from other things that she said. But the salient part of it seemed to be the dispassionate verdict of a disinterested party who for many years had had very little intimate contact with the subject of conversation.

AN INSIGNIFICANT FIGURE.

LAURENCE is one of those persons whom you would pass in the street without noticing. At a glance he looks utterly insignificant, whether he be in mufti or in Army uniform. Rarely have I seen a man in khaki who looked less like a soldier. But



An imaginative drawing by Eric Kennington, entitled "A Miscarriage." Turks in a troop train perceive a lonely sheik by the rail-side. Can it be Colonel Lawrence?

in the desert he was transformed. In his pure white Arab robes, with a curved gold dagger at his waist, he seemed to be an Oriental prince of Circassian blood, or one of the minor prophets come to life.

But no matter what he wears he is most impressive in personal contact. After you have talked with him for a few minutes you are struck with the unusualness of the man. He has that sort of eye which is often referred to as penetrating. It seems to be all-seeing and discourages people from spinning yarns or indulging in Baron Munchausen persiflage in his presence. His face is lean and his jaw strong, but his hands, and the way he moves them, are exceedingly effeminate. They are long and tapering, and as he talks he weaves them in and out. He never punctuates with his forefinger or with his fist. The mere shade of his low voice is quite sufficient for emphasis.

He is a man of contrast not only because of the physical contrast in his strong jaw and feminine hands, but also because of the things he does.

I first came in contact with him when we were both in the Holy City, shortly after Allenby had captured Jerusalem from the Turks. As he sat in a room with a group of officers he always seemed to draw himself into a corner as though anxious to keep out of the conversation. It was evident that he had an abnormal streak of modesty.

On the other hand, there he was, a European, and a fair-haired, pink-cheeked one at that, in Arab costume, the only European in Palestine in such conspicuous regalia. Of course he knew this. But it didn't bother him in the least.

Like all men who accomplish important things, he has his critics and enemies. He has had them for such a long time now that I presume he would feel lonely without them. For instance, there were plenty of Army officers in Cairo who used to scoff at Lawrence because he was seen frequently on the streets of the Egyptian capital in his resplendent Arab robes. They charged him with strutting. I knew different. He was playing a game.

FROM OBSCURITY TO FAME.

HE is modest, 'tis true. In fact, I have never known a man who could blush all over more completely than Lawrence. But he does not let his modesty interfere with his plans. And at the time he was visiting Cairo, decked out as a Bedouin, he was doing it in order to stir up conversation at General Headquarters and attract more attention to his Arab revolt. Then there was another reason.

He knew there were Arabs in Egypt who were watching him. Every move he made was relayed back to Arabia. He wanted the Arabs to know that he was heart and soul with their movement and not afraid to dress as they dressed even when among his own people. He was an actor, and he played his part magnificently even in the face of ridicule.



Travelling as Aircraftman Shaw, Colonel Lawrence recently returned from India. He is seen at Plymouth moving quickly into the cabin to avoid the Press. He has a horror of publicity.

I haven't any doubt but that Lawrence was reluctant to take an active rôle in the Eastern campaign. He was a scholar and something of an archaeologist. His profession was the investigation of ancient civilisations, his hobby the studying of modern peoples who inhabit ancient lands.

The World War pulled him out of obscurity against his will. Sir Gilbert Clayton, chief of the Intelligence Corps in the East, appreciated his ability and his rare gift for getting along with Eastern peoples. Clayton also knew that Lawrence had invaluable knowledge of the topography of some of the out-of-the-way districts of the Near East, ground over which campaigns might be waged.

So he called him to Cairo in 1914, and put him in the map department. He was a success and was decorated by the British, the French, and the Egyptians. Then they assigned him to handling spies. He sent out natives whose duty it was to bring back information regarding the whereabouts of all the units in the Turkish army. Again he was highly successful.

Nevertheless, he seemed to irritate his superiors. Most of the time he quietly went about his duties as though they did not

exist. He showed no enthusiasm for military formalities, and thought nothing of disregarding rules such as wearing a Sam Browne belt, polishing his boots and saluting. He also had a playful little way of calling bigwigs on the telephone and talking to them as man to man in spite of the fact that he was still a mere lieutenant. So you can imagine how popular he was in Cairo.



Sir Gilbert Clayton, chief of the British Intelligence Corps in the East, who employed Lawrence.



Lowell Thomas, friend of Colonel Lawrence and author of "With Lawrence in Arabia."

LAWRENCE GOES TO ARABIA.

THE Arab revolt broke out in Mecca. The Arabs defeated the Turks and then ran out of both ammunition and enthusiasm. Lawrence obtained leave to go down the Arabian coast on a little trip. I learned from some of his early associates at Army Headquarters in Cairo that his superiors were not disappointed to have him go. They thought him a useful young man, but rather trying on the nerves.

Lawrence probably went to Arabia more out of curiosity than anything else. It was just the sort of thing he liked to do and that he had been doing for years. When he got down there he looked over the situation, and his keen imaginative mind immediately saw possible solutions of the Arab problem. It was clear to him that it would be fairly easy for the Arabs to win a complete victory over the Turks. He passed his suggestions on to Cairo, and they told him to stay in the desert. He did, with the result that all the world now knows.

For some reason or other the average European is impatient with foreign peoples. He is also intolerant and superior. Lawrence hadn't the slightest visible trace of this. He is a thinker, a philosopher and a poet. He appreciated and revelled in the history of the Arab race. He enjoyed talking with their wise men. He admired their literature. He found much in common with them. As a result

they liked him and accepted him as few Europeans ever have been accepted by the peoples of Arabia.

Part of his campaign was waged in a section of the peninsula which is looked upon as holy, a section they prefer not to have defiled by the footprint of a dog of an infidel. But Lawrence was welcome there. Most phenomenal of all was the fact that not only did he play a part in their revolt but he was the moving spirit in it. He led the Arabs and they heeded him. During my stay in the desert I noticed how the Moslems seemed to look upon him as one of themselves, and I verily believe that they purposely overlooked the fact that he was a Christian, attributing his Christianity to a fluke.

LIVING WITH THE ARABS.

MOST Europeans who mingle with the Arabs are unable to master the intricate manners and customs of the desert dwellers. They are constantly doing things that irritate the Arabs and rub them up the wrong way.

For instance, they look upon our manner of sitting as the height of impoliteness. To put your feet out

in front of you in the Arab sheik's tent is a gross piece of rudeness. Lawrence was extremely careful never to offend.

His two most intimate associates were Emir Feisal and Sheik Auda Abu Tayi. Feisal was the "veiled prophet" of the revolt. Lawrence backed him in preference to the other three sons of Grand Shereef Hussein because he seemed to stand first in the affection of the desert tribesmen.

The

Road to Success

By Sir W. Seager

YOUNG men who are anxious to succeed often wonder what is the secret of business success, and, without being egotistical, I may perhaps be able from my own experience to throw a little light on the road.

To be asked to lock the office every night sounds a poor reward for a young man who has shown himself ready to stay late in order to finish off satisfactorily the day's work. It may mean sometimes forfeiting a visit to the cinema or some other amusement, and he would probably look rather for five shillings rise in pay than for an additional task. Yet I regard this incident in my own early career at Cardiff as the first stepping-stone on my road to success.

The reputation of being reliable and obliging is worth earning. Everyone knows the youth who thinks it beneath his dignity to bring in the manager's tea and can imagine how far he will climb on the industrial ladder. I have known men who could enjoy decarbonising their car or motor-cycle develop a sudden fastidiousness when confronted with much easier tasks in the course of the day's work.

"Life is a great game," as an eminent statesman pointed out, and it should be played with the keenness and energy which are exhibited on the football field, and not with the eye fixed on the "pavilion clock," and the ear straining for the referee's whistle.

LORD HALSBURY'S ADVICE.

A MAN should pull his weight and a bit more. Indeed, when work is turned into a hobby, it becomes a pleasure. Of course it is important to maintain one's health by sufficient recreation and for this purpose games have their value.

Lord Halsbury once wittily advised an aspiring young barrister that the requisites of success at the bar were first, health; second, health; third, health, "and if you know a little law, it will do you no harm."

A Lord Chancellor who launched a compendium of the laws of England, and carried on his profession actively into the 80's, could well afford to couch his advice in playful terms; and if health is translated into energy, the result is practically certain.

Consider the careers of men like Disraeli, who gained for Britain her control of the Suez Canal, or, to mention living examples in the



The author of this article, who started his career on four shillings a week, gives some advice to those who wish to succeed.

President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

with it is like walking through life on the edge of a precipice, or starting to fly the Atlantic with half a gallon of petrol.

When I was young, I saved fourpence daily by walking to and from an office at the docks. Not only that, but for 36 years I gave up smoking, which was a valuable economy in my early married life, and must altogether have added hundreds of pounds to my assets.

world of shipping, Lord Inchcape, Lord Kysant, and Lord Glanely, and remember that their advance was made by their own efforts and not by outside help.

Recently I heard of a young man who was out of employment and could find no opening except as a canvasser. Dignity stood in the way. But I am glad to say that he swallowed his prejudices and realised that it was better to gain independence by a simple task than to rely on charity.

ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP.

MY own first employment was on the slight remuneration of four shillings a week, and when accepting it I frankly avowed that what I was looking for was not a good initial wage, but work. Although there is always room at the top, the best way to reach it is by getting your foot on the bottom rung. You cannot ask for security or a promise of a pension, until you have proved your worth. If you are able to do that, probably the idea of a pension will lose its importance, and you will find that self-reliance is the best security.

I always made it a rule never to send up to my superior, work which I could carry out myself. By following this principle a man can qualify himself for promotion when the vacancy comes.

It is also invaluable to learn as much as you can of the financial and technical side of your work. Hours to-day are shorter than in my youth and give more leisure, of which a part can be devoted with advantage to commercial or technical study.

People to-day overlook the value of thrift. It is no longer fashionable. Yet to dispense

THE CUSTOMER IS "ALWAYS RIGHT."

IN the United States, life insurance is almost universally regarded as a duty, and some form of saving is a habit which everyone in their own interests should practise from the start.

Do not be discouraged by imaginary obstacles, or think that want of special education makes it impossible for you to achieve anything. I can say from my own observation that, given tact, determination, and ability to work with others, a man can successfully organise a great business without himself mastering the technical processes.

It is a good maxim which is worth remembering that "the customer is always right." Aim at performing some service or supplying some commodity which the public requires. There is a story that during the Great War, when there was an urgent need of compasses, experts were spending time in devising a compass of hitherto unimagined perfection. Result—no compasses at all. The constant increase in the world's population may be viewed as an increase of customers whose wants we should try to discover and meet.

Geniality and courtesy are not only good qualities in themselves but also business assets, and they can be cultivated even by those who may at first feel shy and awkward, or may, on the other hand, be bursting with new ideas and anxious to express them. If a young man has determination and the right attitude, I think he will find an opening. The general outlook is brighter than for several years.

But whatever the sphere of work chosen, self-reliance, self-control, honesty and perseverance will win their reward.



Sir W. H. Seager, author of this article.

Use **MAZDA** LAMPS

and see things in the right light



The RING

By

Naomi Royde Smith

... Edith Syme wore, on the little finger of her left hand, a rather odd ring. It was made of pure gold and had been part of a larger ring made in the shape of a serpent ... the head had been severed and all that was left was the tail ... There was a mystery about this ring and it aroused intense curiosity in George Elkander's mind when he fell in love with Edith Syme ... and it was a ring that brought no luck ...

Illustrations by Comerford Watson.



"Pearls for tears, my dear lady," he said, "Surely not in a ring on such an occasion as this?"

GEORGE ELKANDER was, from the first, a little uneasy about his engagement. Edith Syme was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; but, even at the height of his infatuation, he felt that she wasn't quite real.

He knew, of course, that she was older than he was. She didn't make any secret of her age, any more than she had done of her affair with Dancaaster. She didn't discuss either, but she didn't conceal them. She drove George about in the little Bentley with a coronet on its doors which the executors hadn't bothered to sweep up, though Lady Dancaaster knew all about the loan of it to Miss Syme. George didn't like it, naturally, but he couldn't afford to give Edith a car himself and she couldn't very well do without one. Her thigh bone had been fractured in an accident to the hospital-ambulance she drove in Paris during the war, and she would be a little lame for the rest of her life. She danced all right and walked with a very slight, rather attractive limp. She meant to be admired, even for her misfortunes. And she was.

But George wanted to love Edith as well as to admire her, and love was a thing Edith had never reckoned with, either in herself or in others.

She was between thirty and thirty-five, when George proposed to her, tall and beautifully slender, though in consequence of her lameness, she broadened a good deal a few years later on. Her head was like that of the Venus of Milo, with deep blue eyes and a great coil of honey-coloured hair, on which she spent a small fortune in washes and massage to keep its colour even and its natural waves in perfect order. Her skin was dead white and her lips were rather pale. But she used the right kind of rouge, and she got her lip-stick from a man who made it up for her specially. The effect was superb.

She was almost a maniac about her clothes. She spent most of her small income on dress, and, till she met Dancaaster, lived in two rooms over a garage somewhere at the back of Ovington Square. She was twenty-eight when her mother died, and she could take good care of herself. She was out for a good time with safety, and she got both.

There was nothing wilfully mysterious about her, though she never talked much about her own affairs. But she never attempted to hide anything she did, and there was never anything to hide or to talk about until she went to Monte Carlo in the spring of 1919 and met Dancaaster. Not that she hid that. She moved from her two rooms in the mews to a flat in Clarges Street, and she went about a little with him. But there was nothing blatant about her behaviour beyond the fact that she couldn't go anywhere, to a theatre or a restaurant, or a dance (she didn't go much to private parties) without suspending general interest in anything but herself, her appearance, and—after the first gasp—her escort.

THE affair went on for three years, and then Dancaaster was killed, playing polo at Hurlingham. He didn't leave her anything. He'd not made a will since his marriage. But she kept the car, and the lease of the flat was in her name. There was a little talk, of course, but Edith behaved very calmly, went about as usual, dressed as quietly but as miraculously as ever. She had always the best of taste, and she did not attempt any semi-widowed effects. She was worried, of course, at first, but old Petersen, who had just become managing director of the biggest group of fashion papers in the world, was some kind of cousin of hers. So she went to him and he invented a job for her. Not clothes; neither Edith nor Petersen was so obvious as that, but houses.

Edith had seen almost every museum, every great sale and nearly every show house in England, France, and Italy when she moved about Europe with her mother as a girl. Her knowledge was a little undocumented and anachronistic at first; but nothing teaches the half-educated so much as the printed attempt to spread imperfect information, and, after one or two blunders, "Sapphira" of *Cosmopolita* became a very successful writer of articles on "The Homes of Lovely Women."

From describing it was an easy step to advising. Women wrote to "Sapphira" about their own houses, asking her to describe them, and when Edith went to inspect a house she was often obliged, before having the photographs for her article taken, to rearrange some of the rooms a little. In six months' time Edith was happier than she had ever been in her life. She was, also, much more prosperous. Her articles, it is true, did not bring her in much money. Ten guineas and expenses was the most she ever got out of old Petersen, and she couldn't do more than one article a week. Advising people was better. She asked a moderate fee for that.

IT is necessary to know all this about Edith in order to avoid the mistake of supposing that there was any sentimental weakness behind her attitude in the matter of the ring. There was not an ounce of sentiment in her nature. Except in material things she had neither vision nor imagination, and her past, until the Lancaster business, had been untouched by any vestige of response to the admiration her beauty excited.

FOR years, even before Lancaster's time, Edith had worn on the little finger of her left hand a rather odd ring. It was made of very pale, very pure gold; so soft that it bent easily. It had evidently once been part of a much larger ring, made in the shape of a serpent. But, at some time or other, the head had been severed, and all that Edith wore was the tail end, probably about half the original ring, coiled twice and, with the tip, reaching almost three times round the finger.

The thing was beautifully made, scaled and jointed by an interior spring-chain which made it flexible. The mechanism had been exposed at the place where someone had, very carefully, severed the ring, but Edith had bent the rounded edges of the scales together, in order to prevent them from catching at laces or threads when she wore it, so that the severed end had, as it were, healed.

This ring was one of the first things George asked Edith about when he knew her well enough to ask such a question at all. She told him, with perfect candour, that her mother had given it to her, together with several other trinkets when she was seventeen or eighteen years old. They had been in one of the drawers of one of those little apprentice pieces which are now to be found in almost any old furniture shop.

Mrs. Syme had bought the little toy-like thing (it stood eighteen inches high and had four large and two small drawers in it) at a sale near Dorchester, and it had been listed as "Miniature specimen cabinet with contents." Neither Edith nor her mother had attached any particular interest or value to the broken ring, any more than they had done to the other scraps and oddments in the collection.

GEORGE was conscious of a slight flatness, a sense of disappointment as the tale unfolded its very ordinary course. Edith did not pretend that she valued the ring because it was a gift from her dead mother.

"You'll have to wear it on your right hand, now," said George.

"Why?" said Edith.

"Well, darling. There's my ring, and a wedding ring to be thought of."

"Oh well, we can choose them of the right colour and I needn't wear the snake at all," she said. "It's only rubbish after all."

Edith wanted to have a yellow diamond which George had brought home with him from South Africa, set in clustering seed pearls. George was the third son of old Elkander of the Swarzfontein so he had plenty of diamonds, and he'd have plenty of money one day. But the old man's death had tied them all up a little and Edith would have to wait for a good many things. Edith didn't mind that. She quite saw she'd have to marry, if only to have someone to keep all the men who had no intention of marrying her at bay, and George would do that very well. Besides she liked him, and he did want to marry her, a frame of mind

for which Edith was now wise enough to be devoutly thankful.

GEORGE took her to Digby's about the ring. Edith had wanted to go to Cartier or Hunt and Roskell, but the Elkanders had always dealt with Digby's and, as a matter of fact, the yellow diamond was actually at Hatton Garden.

Old Mr. Digby saw them himself in the private room behind the office which looked, Edith said, more like a bank or a house agent's than a great jewellers. She'd have been better pleased, George felt, if he'd taken her to the showrooms in Maddox Street and they'd been waited on by an assistant.

George sniffed and tasted and discussed the wine which was indeed worth an undivided attention.

Finally, however, the Elkander diamonds were produced. Mr. Digby got them out from a safe in an inner strong room. They belonged to the firm, but John and Lewis would let George buy any of them out for himself. Mr. Digby didn't at all understand Edith's preference for the yellow diamond. It was large, but not nearly so fine a stone as most of the others, and he was horrified at her idea of having it set in groups of tiny pearls, and in very pale gold.

"Pearls for tears, my dear lady," he said, "surely not in a ring on such an occasion as this."



Edith was not in the best of tempers that morning. She had an appointment to lunch with the advertisement manager of *Cosmopolitan* and she felt that this expedition to what she called the East End, was taking up a great deal of time and would probably rob her of that quarter of an hour she always arranged to spend on her appearance before any semi-business encounter.

And old Digby was not to be hurried. He welcomed George, was introduced with great ceremony to Miss Syme, congratulated her in a good many very carefully chosen phrases and insisted that the occasion required port—which stood ready in an old decanter on a silver-gilt salver. Edith wouldn't drink it. She took the greatest care of her complexion. It distressed the old gentleman very much to see her take one sip and then put the beautiful starred glass back on the table and wait, with a fine frown between her lovely eyebrows, while

MR. DIGBY belonged to an age when a lady invariably chose a half-hoop of diamonds on these occasions, if the gentleman could afford diamonds.

But Edith had her way.

"I want the gold to be very pale," she said, "the same colour as this if it can be done," and she slipped the half-snake from her finger and gave it to Mr. Digby.

Mr. Digby took the ring from her. After a first glance his polite attention deepened into a positively startled interest. He carried the little twist of linked gold over to a table at the window and, opening a case which stood there, took out a lens and proceeded to examine the fragment with the utmost care.

"Dear me!" he said at length, "I wonder if it is possible! May I ask you, Miss Syme," he went on, without rising from the chair which he had taken in order to make his examination. "May I ask you how this very interesting piece of work came into your possession?"

Edith was growing more and more impatient at the deliberation of Mr. Digby's methods. Ordering a ring should not take three-quarters of an hour, and more.

"My mother bought it with other odds and ends ten years or more ago at a sale in the West Country—Dorset, I think it was," she answered coldly.

"Ah! in England? Not abroad? Not on the Continent?"

"No. In Dorset," said Edith. "It was an old farmhouse. I've forgotten its name, but I know we were staying at Lyme Regis and drove miles and miles to the place. There was a monk's bench table

Then, holding it between thumb and forefinger of his left hand, he walked across the room and pushed back a sliding panel in the wall on one side of the fireplace. A small safe was built into the wall. The old gentleman juggled a minute with the combination lock, and, having opened the strong box, took from it an old case of stamped Italian leather. He raised the lid and peered inside. Then, putting Edith's ring into the case, carried it to the window.

"Come and look," he said.

George followed Edith to the little table.

your piece belongs," said Mr. Digby. "I have been looking for the severed portion for twenty years."

George waited for Edith to offer the broken piece on which, by her own confession, she set no store, to the owner of the head. But the idea had not entered her mind.

"Are you sure?" she said.

For answer Mr. Digby took the two pieces and placed them together. The scales overlapped exactly, the metal matched. There could be no possible doubt.

"There is a small hook inside the tail piece which catches in the loop of the main portion," Mr. Digby explained, "a little manipulation, heat and pressure, and they will be joined again quite safely."

"Please give me back my ring," said Edith, "I don't want it joined to that terrible head."

George, to whom the idea of asking Mr. Digby what he would take for the head had occurred—seeing that, clearly, the whole ring should belong to Edith now, was disappointed.

"I am afraid, my dear Miss Syme," said Mr. Digby firmly, "that you will have to do so. I am commissioned by the owner of the ring to find and, if necessary, repurchase the tail end."

"How do you know my ring is the real tail end of that carved opal?" said Edith.

"There can be no possible doubt about it. Even before I had fitted the parts together I recognised the workmanship. It is a very unusual ring—unique, I believe."

"Then why shouldn't I buy the head from you?"

"My client would not part with it in any circumstance soever."

"Suppose I won't part with the tail?"

"My client is prepared to pay far more than the intrinsic value."

"How much?" said Edith.

"I am prepared to write you a cheque for £1,000 this moment if you will leave the piece with me now."

"Would you give me £1,500 for it?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Digby without hesitation.

"Would you give me £2,000?"

"I could not write you a cheque for £2,000 to-day but there is very little doubt in my mind, if £2,000 is the price you set on the half of my client's ring now in your possession, that I should be empowered to pay it to you."

"Could you get £3,000 out of your client?" asked Edith.

Mr. Digby was surprised, a little shocked even. He had not expected this rapacity in the lady Mr. George Elkander was to marry.

"I will ascertain," he said stiffly.

"Edith, why don't you give Mr. Digby the ring. It's of no value—"

"How can you say that," said Edith, "you've heard Mr. Digby say he'll try to get £3,000 for it."

"It may be a few days before I am in a position to conclude the purchase," said Mr. Digby. "My client is—is not in London. And the matter is one which cannot be dealt with by letter. But if you will call on me at this time a week to-day I make no doubt that I shall be able to meet you."

When they were in the car again George said:

"It is very sweet of you, darling, to bargain like that for our happiness."

Edith was driving. She was a little preoccupied.



"May I ask how this very interesting piece of work came into your possession?"

there that my mother wanted to see."

"I see that the scales at the broken end have been turned in. Would you allow me to lift them?"

"I'm rather in a hurry," she said, "but of course—"

"It will not take a moment. I can do it here myself, all that is necessary."

Edith had no choice.

"Very well," she said, and George was astonished at the ungraciousness of her voice.

VERY carefully, with the tip of the smallest blade of his pocket knife, Mr. Digby lifted the tiny scales till they stood straight at the severed edge of the ring.

On the faded red velvet that lined the case there lay, side by side with Edith's fragment, the fourth and fifth coils of the completed ring. The body thickened with each coil, and the overlapping scales grew more intricate. The head was set in the gold with such skill that it appeared to be growing gradually, out of the yellow metal, into the blue and green and orange of a blazing opal, carved serpentwise, and with a little gold, arrowy tongue set on a spring inside the pointed jaws.

The artist who had fashioned this semblance of a snake from the jewel, had cut the eyes where the green lights fell through the layers of the stone, so that they glittered coldly in the iridescent head with an extraordinary effect of evil beauty.

"That, Miss Syme, is the ring to which

"What do you mean?" she said sharply.

"Well, didn't we agree yesterday that we would marry at once if only I had £2,000 in the bank at the moment."

"Really, George!" Edith had turned the car out of New Bridge Street and they were going quietly along the Embankment so she was able to give him a less disturbed attention. "I have never proposed to sell my jewels in order to be able to marry any man. I wanted to see how far the old fellow would go. Besides, I want to find out the story of the ring. Don't you?"

George took his snub in silence, and said the story of the ring was clearly a good one if it could be told.

DURING the week that elapsed before they went to Hatton Garden again in response to a summons from Mr. Digby, George almost lost sight of the fact that Edith was beautiful to look on, so difficult did he find it to think about her.

The congratulations he received on his engagement, announced by Edith in *The Times* and the *Morning Post* on the Monday following their first visit to Digby's, were singularly reserved, and it became more and more evident, each time he saw her, that Edith's values were not only different from his own but incompatible with them.

It was with a flat sense of depression that he took his seat in the Bentley on Friday morning and was driven through the traffic to the meeting with Mr. Digby.

"My client," said the old gentleman, "is willing to pay four thousand pounds. I have actually drawn a cheque on the firm's account for that sum. It only remains for you to give me the assurance that you will make no enquiries about the ring, and will respect the confidence in which the transaction has been made, and I will sign the cheque and accept delivery of that portion of my client's property which is now in your possession."

Edith considered a moment.

Then, "I do not think the offer good enough," she said. "The ring, as I have it, is evidently worth a great deal more than money—and I prefer to keep it."

The old gentleman's face fell and the blood left his pleasant fresh-coloured cheeks for a moment.

"I don't quite understand," he said.

"I have decided not to part with my ring," said Edith. "Come, George."

And George, with a confused and hasty apology to Mr. Digby, followed his betrothed from the office.

"Edith, how could you let the old man down like that?" He couldn't help the remonstrance.

"Don't be silly, George," said Edith. "It is clearly worth while sticking to the ring. One never knows when I mayn't run across the owner myself. It sounds like Royalty. Besides," Edith gave one of her rare self-contained smiles, "I don't like your Mr. Digby. He doesn't like me. And it is nice to feel you've got something someone else wants and can't have."

and manners for introducing rich and ignorant customers to rich and well instructed art and furniture dealers. Consequently he was always short of money.

The time came when Edith found herself short of money also. Short of a considerable sum.

So Edith took her half of the serpent into Hatton Garden once more.

Mr. Digby remembered her perfectly. But he did not any longer wish to buy her half of the serpent, though its head was still in his possession.

"Indeed, Miss Syme," he said with the slow, precise enunciation which so much irritated her, "the boot is now, so to speak, on the other leg. I am prepared to part with the more valuable half of the jewel should a reasonable offer be made for it. Complete, the ring in itself is worth a few hundred pounds to any collector. The value my client put upon it was, as you will realise, purely artificial—or personal. And the information you so kindly supplied me with, the date and situation of its provenance, proved, in the event, sufficient to enable him to achieve the private end for which he was seeking to recover the missing part of the ring. He died two years ago. His heirs have no use for so small an item in the great inheritance, which is now dispensed among many individuals. Would you care to make me an offer for the head? I bought it from the executors at a valuation and would let you have it for the price I paid for it, plus interest at 20 per cent. on my own outlay."

"No," said Edith, "I cannot afford to buy anything at present."

"Then perhaps you might care to let me have your portion for its weight value, by the ounce? It would come to thirty shillings or two pounds."

Edith threw the coil of yellow metal down on the table by which she was standing.

"You can have it for nothing," she said. "It has never brought me anything but the most fiendish luck."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Mr. Digby. And he put the fragment in his pocket. Then he cleared his throat and said:

"It may interest you to learn that I have been instructed to find an unusual and beautiful wedding present for Lady Laura Cowley who is, as you know, about to be married to Mr. George Elkander. I fancy the complete ring will please her, and be appreciated by her uncle."

And he opened the door for Edith to pass out.

THE END.



"I do not think the offer good enough," she said, "The ring, as I have it, is evidently worth a great deal more than money—and I prefer to keep it."

EDITH never married. But she gave up wearing the ring soon after her engagement was broken off. Good living making her grow very stout, and, even when she wore it, it had been a close fit for the little finger of her hand.

But, when she was within a few weeks of her fortieth birthday, Edith for the first time in her life, fell in love.

Gerald Forsythe was twenty-eight and quite ridiculously handsome. He lived well and dressed far too well on the commissions obtainable by young men of his appearance

Oxford or Cambridge?

Is Oxford degenerate? . . . In the following article a Cambridge Undergraduate makes some astounding statements about "the other University."

WHERE shall I send him, to Oxford or Cambridge? This is a question which must be troubling the minds of many fathers whose sons are approaching 'Varsity age, although to me, not unnaturally, there is little difficulty in supplying an answer. I hope that my arguments and reasonings may seem as convincing to hesitating parents as they do to myself.



A view of "the High," Oxford, from Carfax.

OXFORD'S DECLINE

NOT even the staunchest Oxonian could reasonably maintain that Oxford is as flourishing now as it was some years ago, and as a Cambridge undergraduate with a fair knowledge of Oxford life, it seems to me that a great deal of the trouble is due to excessive indulgence of the individual in various trivial ways, the summated effect of which, however, is by no means as trivial.

A great difference can be seen at once in the matter of meals and other such ordinary everyday events. The Cantab may often cook his own breakfast, and almost invariably gets ready his own tea; in Oxford, at any rate in most Colleges, such behaviour is considered stingy and close-fisted, both of these meals being obtained from the College kitchens. The Oxford method is obviously the more pleasant and, indeed, everything at Oxford is exceptionally pleasant, but the Cantab way is infinitely more conducive to the development of an independent character, and is very much more symbolic of the real conditions of life at the present time.

EFFICIENT "SCOUTS"

THIS essential difference is expressed in many ways: at Oxford the "scout" or man servant, is singularly efficient, and would put many a valet to shame; the "gyp," who is the Cambridge homologue of the "scout," is the exception rather than the rule, while the "bedder," i.e., the woman who does for you, takes care to do no more work than is necessary. If the Oxford undergraduate were as efficient as his scout, Cambridge would win few indeed of the inter-Varsity events. In all ways life at Oxford tends to be more pleasant for the individual, though less beneficial than at Cambridge. The town is larger and social life is more prominent; there are numerous diversions for any undergraduate who is at all pre-disposed to laziness, and it is the combination of leisure, luxury, and £ s. d. that produces the typical Oxford man and the typical Oxford attitude.

As someone has epigrammatically said: "The Oxford man looks as though he owns the world, the Cambridge man doesn't care a damn who does," an apophthegm which, though obviously not of universal application, does contain a certain measure of truth.

THE KEY FACTOR

THOUGH the Oxford environment has always been more or less the same, its effect on the Oxonian has been by no means so similar; and the reason why Oxford has not been always in its present state is perhaps to be found in the psychology of the modern youth. Pre-war Oxford had the strength to survive these Sybaritic influences and, indeed, to thrive on them; but post-war Oxford, though thoroughly enjoying itself, achieves little else.

Any typical Cambridge undergraduate in an Oxford environment would speedily develop the Oxford outlook; the difference is extrinsic, not intrinsic, a matter of circumstance and surroundings, not of nature.

The Cantab feeds for himself, the Oxonian is pampered and molycoddled: this is the key of Cambridge's successes and Oxford's failures.

Therefore, doubting father, do your best by your son, and send him to Cambridge.

EDGAR WALLACE'S ADVICE

Take up Pelmanism—It is "The Machine-Tool of Thought."

MR. EDGAR WALLACE is recognised everywhere as one of the most rapid workers and prolific writers of the day. Innumerable novels and plays, all of them popular and successful, pour from his pen. Such a body of excellent, well-constructed work could only be produced by a man possessing high powers of Concentration and Application and a scientifically-trained brain. It is interesting, therefore, to note that Mr. Edgar Wallace is a great admirer of Pelmanism, and advises everyone who wishes to "get ahead" in life to take it up.



Vaughan & Freeman.

Mr. Edgar Wallace.

"I have found Pelmanism," he writes, "the most useful method for the organisation of thought. The 'Little Grey Books' have made it possible to 'card-index' my mind and systematise my memory. To students of all ages it seems to me to be indispensable. It is the machine-tool of thought."

Pelmanism trains the senses and brings increased power and energy to your mind. It strengthens your Will-Power. It develops your Personality. It gives you Courage, Initiative, Forcefulness and Determination. It banishes Timidity and drives away Depression and Harmful and Morbid Thoughts. It enables you to adopt a more cheerful and optimistic outlook upon life. And not only does it increase your Efficiency and your Earning Power, but it enables you to cultivate an appreciation of the finer things of existence.

A short course of Pelmanism brings out the mind's latent powers and develops them to the highest pitch of efficiency. It banishes such weakness and defects as:—

Depression	Unnecessary Fears	Weakness of Will
Shyness	Indefiniteness	"Defeatism"
Timidity	Mind-Wandering	Procrastination
Forgetfulness	The "Inferiority Complex"	Brain Fog
Boredom	Indecision	Inertia
The Worry Habit		Morbid Thoughts

which interfere with the effective working-power of the mind, and in their place it develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as:—

—Concentration	—Decision	—Courage
—Observation	—Originality	—Self-Confidence
—Optimism	—Resourcefulness	—Self-Control
—Cheerfulness	—Organising Power	—Tact
—Judgment	—Directive Ability	—Reliability
—Initiative	—Driving Force and	—Salesmanship
—Will-Power	a Reliable Memory	—Business Acumen

all qualities of the utmost value in every walk of life.

In a sentence, Pelmanism enables you to live a fuller, richer, happier, and more successful existence.

If, therefore, you wish—

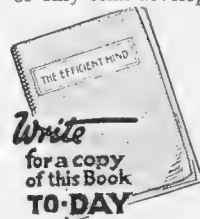
To strengthen your Will-Power,
To develop Concentration,
To act with foresight and decision,
To become a first-rate organiser,
To develop Initiative,
To become a clever salesman,
To originate new ideas,
To acquire a strong personality,
To banish Depression,

To talk and speak convincingly,
To work more easily and efficiently,
To cultivate a perfect memory,
To win the confidence of others,
To appreciate more fully the beauties of Nature,
To widen your intellectual outlook,
To deepen and enrich your life,

in short, to make the fullest use of the powers now lying, perhaps latent or only semi-developed, in your mind, you should send to-day for a copy of "The Efficient Mind," which will be sent to you by return, gratis and post free.

Pelmanism is quite easy and simple to follow. It only takes up a few minutes daily. The books are printed in a handy "pocket size," so that you can study them when travelling, or in odd moments during the day. Even the busiest man or woman can spare a few minutes daily for Pelmanism.

Write to the Pelman Institute, 47, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and by return you will receive a free copy of "The Efficient Mind," and particulars enabling you to enrol for the Pelman Course on specially convenient terms. Call or write for this free book to-day.



Readers who call at the Institute will be cordially welcomed. The Chief Consultant will be delighted to have a talk with them, and no fee will be charged for his advice.

Overseas Branches:

PARIS: 35, Rue Boissy D'Anglas. NEW YORK: 71, West 45th Street.
MELBOURNE: 396, Flinders Lane. DURBAN: Natal Bank Chambers. DELHI: 10, Alipore Road.



Miss Margery Binner, who is appearing in the revival of "The Fanatics."

In defence of the ACTOR

By

Maitland Davidson

The actor occasionally comes in for harsh criticism—even abuse. Our contributor defends his all-round competence and declares that the general level of acting was never higher than it is to-day.

was in the success or non-success of a play.

PASSING OF THE OLD REGIME.

THE actor of to-day, for one thing, is drawn from a much larger field and with a much wider scope before him. When

the great acting triumphs of the past few weeks should have been won by a woman alleged by the reference books to be sixty-four years of age (she does not attempt to conceal it, and indeed may well be proud, since if you reversed the numerals it would still sound an exaggerated figure).

If ever anyone gave Kipling the lie to the extent that the playing of the game may be more than the game, that person is Miss Marie Tempest.

I wonder what is her secret, this infinitely charming Ninon de l'Enclos of the stage?

IN this particular play (*Her Shop*, at the Criterion) Miss Tempest is a lady of means and an accommodating husband, whom she loves but occasionally quarrels with. So in a moment of pique she buys a shop and proceeds to run it on most

HALF the actors on the stage are not worth their salt, or anyway their salaries. They are an idle and dissolute crew. They are a dull and suburban crowd. They are eaten up with vanity and steeped in a strong solution of petty rivalry. They never read any literature beyond their own script and the advertisement columns of "The Era." They live entirely within the little make-believe world of the stage. . . .

Or, alternatively, they take their profession much too casually. They scorn mere common "mummers," and imply that acting to them is just a lucrative pastime. They walk through their parts, and devote their real energies to golf and lunch-parties at the Embassy, where they talk audibly about their high-powered cars. . . .

NO, I am not saying any of these things. All this is what they used to call, in the old schooldays of Cæsar and the Latin grammar, "reported speech." People I have met have made every one of these remarks to me, though not all at once—you will observe that to a large extent they are mutually contradictory. I do not know whether there is a single grain of truth in any of them.

THE MODERN ACTOR.

IPREFER to believe that there is not—not more than half a grain, anyway. Such actors and actresses as I have had the pleasure of meeting have struck me as very delightful ladies and gentlemen, combining a considerable enthusiasm for their work with a vivid interest in affairs outside the theatre. They are persons of whom I have felt that if they had not taken to the stage they might not have achieved the limelight, but they would have been worth-whilers somehow, even if confined to comparatively domestic or commercial circles.

As to the others, I have no precise information, but I would at least venture to say that I believe the actor of to-day, in whatever class he may be placed by the official or otherwise awarder of handicaps in the Royal and Ancient Society of St. Comus, is a very much more important factor than he once



"Beau Geste," the play about the Foreign Legion at His Majesty's. The scene outside the Fort when the brothers learn of the proposed mutiny against Adjutant Lejaune.

Plancus was Consul (the paraphrase will serve to avoid awkward dates) the big theatres were doubtless benevolently but certainly despotically ruled by a race of actor-managers, a dynasty or series of dynasties whose omnipotence was only to be upset by death. The other actors were mere underlings, however treasured. They basked in the royal sunlight; they sat on the steps of the throne. To-day we are in a post-revolution period. The stage-monarchs have perished, though without assassination, and the palace doors are flung wide open for any and all aspirants of merit to share the glittering prizes.

They pour in. And with their impetuous inrush the hack actor beloved of old novelists like Dickens has simply been trodden underfoot and ceased to exist. A sympathetic tear for whose departure having been duly and posthumously dropped, we can congratulate ourselves further, I think, on the extraordinary competence of the present day rank and file of the acting profession.

Every day almost, when I go to see a new play, I am impressed by the liveness and efficiency with which small parts are played.

MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S TRIUMPH.

IT is, if you come to think of it, all the more amazing in view of the great and general raising of the standard that one of



Miss Frances Clare, who took the only woman's part in "Twelve Thousand" at the Gate Theatre.

unbusinesslike lines. But, of course, as always happens to these geniuses on the stage (and sometimes off), everything comes all right in the end, and she is able exultantly to show to her unbelieving husband a substantial profit quite immorally and illegitimately got.

I am not sure, by the way, that a triumph of righteous unrighteousness is not one of the most successful *dénouements* possible from the popular point of view on the stage. We all love to see dirty dogs done down (it so seldom happens in real life), especially if it be by some little entirely laudable piece of sharp practice on the part of the clean ones.

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

About this matter of *Her Shop*, though. It is quite a nice and pleasant play and most interesting—I should advise all those in search just of entertainment to visit it, because they may go much farther and fare far worse. I seldom ceased to smile, inwardly or outwardly, from very near the beginning till just about the end—and no one can say much fairer than that, can they? And besides Miss Tempest there are a brace or two of quite amusing persons taking part, such as Messrs. Albert Edwards and Edgar Bruce as a Scoto-Jewish combination—Mr. McDonald the Jew and Mr. Jacob the Scotsman—as a mildly pleasant invasion of the usual order of things.

Also, in two of the other smaller parts, Miss Sunday Wilshin and Miss Yvonne Rorie, both of whom are in the play engaged as mannequins for the principal lady's rash venture. In the old days these young women would have just been a couple of supernumerary dolls; but now each is a personality, Miss Rorie a rough and bouncing child who

"Beau Geste." Laurence Olivier as Beau.

unusual thing. There is also the case of the play which sets out primarily to live by its "atmosphere," with the players as rather a secondary consideration. Such an one is *Always Afternoon*, which Mr. Malcolm Keen chose for the opening of his season as a manager at the Lyric.

The atmosphere in this instance proved to be the good old South Seas brand. It is rather a jolly and cheering sort up to a point, particularly when there is a cold-wave on in the minor world of reality, where it seems to be always getting-up time. Quite a ripple of warm welcome ran through the house on the opening night when the curtain rose on Scene 2, showing a lovely vista of dazzling sunshine and blue sky and beach and banana trees, as found in "Luana, a settlement

but the Jewish-American "wisecracks" of Mr. George Carr, whose clever portrait of a rascally storekeeper was a thing of considerable beauty though not a joy for ever.

But when we had done savouring that,

and got over our first admiration of Miss Rosalinde Fuller, most attractive in a dark make-up, a red flower in her hair and little else beyond her own slender limbs—well, we began to look for the play. Alas, it wasn't there, or not so that you'd notice, and its only kind of "punch" was the Kava or local hootch, that the characters scooped out of a cask with coconut shells, with a resultant wild intoxication which did not communicate itself to us.

The languorously seductive atmosphere of

these tropical corners does indeed seem almost as dangerous to plots as to visiting whites. *White Cargo* is the only play of such background I can recall which produced real drama. There is always a native siren who coos alluringly if ungrammatically "Me like white man," and has a wardrobe as limited as her vocabulary.

WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

WOMAN here once more shows her superiority to man; I remember when Mr. Godfrey Tearle appeared as a male counterpart in *Aloma* (his particular slogan being "Shark like white meat"); he was let in for a severe illness as the result of his scanty costume.

In the Lyric play we were, indeed, promised something a little beyond the ordinary in the undress line. For Felisi, otherwise Miss Fuller, distinctly informed the youthful Englishman in white ducks that behind a certain door was her young sister, who could not come out because she had nothing on at all—and at the same time the naughty girl threw the door wide open. Fortunately (yes, I think that's the word I mean) nothing was visible to the

audience, even to those craning forward from side seats, but a flood of certainly suggestive pink light. It was rather a pity that Mr. Malcolm Keen could not have found a better vehicle for his fine acting. This was not a case where the actor could express himself through the play, for in many ways the play is a poor one.



The Maharajah (Frank Cochrane) shows the famous blue water sapphire to Lady Patricia (Miss Marie Lohr) and the Chaplain (Clifton Boyne) in "Beau Geste."



Beau's pockets are rifled for the blue sapphire by Lejaune (Edmund Willard).

attracts by her blatant honesty, and Miss Wilshin a smoothly blonde wearer of ravishing frocks, who, nevertheless, manages somehow to express an individual type.

IN this instance the play is completely subordinated to the actors, or at any rate to the chief actor. But that, in spite of the increased importance of actors, is a rather

in the island of Onomo, in the South Pacific." Stall-ites but lately shivering cast off their wraps and fairly basked.

BUT WHERE'S THE PLAY?

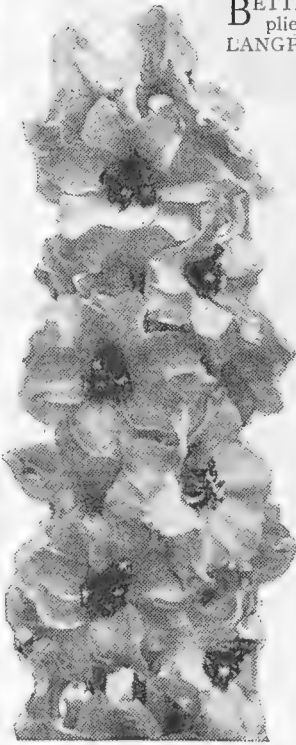
SO the barque pushed off under fair auspices and for a space we were well entertained. But there arrived a time when we realised that what had amused us was not the play

Summer will come again!

NOW is the time to plant

KELWAY'S LOVELY BLUE DELPHINIUMS

An Ideal Hardy Plant
for every garden



BBETTER varieties are supplied by KELWAY'S of LANGPORT, the PREMIER RAISERS of many of the flowers for which the English garden is famous. It will pay you to have the best flowers in your garden. A good Delphinium costs more than the ordinary kind, but no more to grow, and it is immeasurably superior at flowering time.

There are prices to suit every purse:—"Collection B"—good named Varieties, 18/- per doz., 140/- per 100. "Collection D"—a wonderful Selection, 36/- per doz., 280/- per 100. "Collection F"—the Cream of the Varieties, 70/- per doz.

Carefully packed and sent free when remittance is enclosed with order for £3 or over, or a descriptive priced

catalogue will be sent free on demand.

Your friend is a gardener, a flower fancier. He will have nothing so fine to show you as one of the real Kelway DELPHINIUMS! His visit to your garden, your own garden, will be a triumph for you.

KELWAY & SON

The Royal Nurseries
LANGPORT, SOMERSET

GAYBORDER DELPHINIUMS

will surprise the most critical by their
**QUALITY, HARDINESS &
REASONABLE PRICE**

Write to-day for spring catalogue from the
**GAYBORDER NURSERIES (B Dept.)
MELBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.**

NEW GARDEN INVENTIONS.

TRANSFERABLE FRUIT CAGE.

Protects two crops in one season.

ADJUSTABLE WALL TREE PROTECTOR.

Proof against 14° frost, birds, cold winds, wasps.

BUSH TREE PROTECTOR.

For trees up to 8ft. in height.

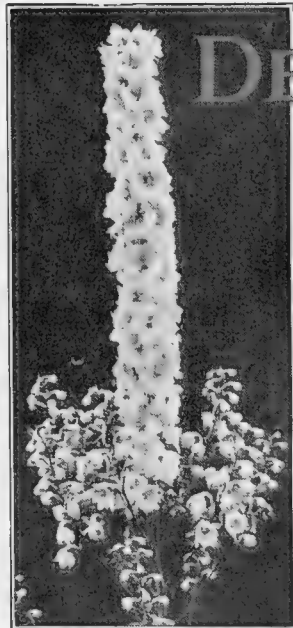
NEW REMOVABLE TENNIS SURROUND.

Stands up as if in cement, pulled up with one hand.

EVERY KIND OF NETTING.

Apply for Illustrated Booklet giving prices, and his
SYSTEM OF FRUIT CULTURE.

Major C. Walker, Dept. B., Brecon S. Wales.



Delphinium Norah Ferguson.

tense delight sharpened by surprise almost to an ecstasy. Those are the moments which make fruitful memory; and history for us in our secret book of life.

The delphiniums were of the "Bella Donna" type, pale blue, of medium height and graceful habit, growing in a cloud of misty blue before a great bank of pink ramblers, then in full bloom.

PLANT NOW.

IT often seems to me that blue flowers are particularly sensitive to the changing rays, and light up more brilliantly than others when sunshine breaks after rain or cloud. They are certainly of the greatest value in every colour scheme, and of all the blue flowers none give us such a thrilling range of tones as the race of sun-worshipping delphiniums. They are not hard to grow, demanding peremptorily only three things—deep digging before planting, rich soil, and full sun. There is a trick in their successful cultivation, which is worth remembering, and that is to plant them now.

Delphiniums often die if planted out in autumn, especially on heavy clay, when they seem to take a "shudder in their bones" during cold wet winters—but if we prepare the ground well in autumn by deep digging so that it may settle and mature under the hard weather, and then put the young plants in at the end of February or during March and April, we can be practically certain they will go ahead and thrive. Light sandy soil should, of course, be reinforced by the incorporation of cow manure and chopped turves while digging, and heavy soil is best lightened with burnt clay or road grit (free from oil and petrol), leaf-mould and well-rotted horse manure.

GENEROUS TREATMENT.

THE plants take a year or two to become fully established; that is to say, they bear statelier spikes and more of them the second year than the first, and the third than the second; they respond generously to generous treatment—it is no use disguising the fact that the exquisite blue flowers are very hefty trenchermen; they are hearty drinkers, too, and like copious watering in summer, or

DELPHINIUMS —BLUE

By Marion Cran

For the town gardener the delphinium is an ideal and beautiful plant if it is properly treated.

ONE of the loveliest garden pictures I remember was, only made of delphiniums and roses; they had been massed with great simplicity, and when I turned a corner of a lane and came across them in the evening light I suffered a moment of intense

during dry spells—but they are worth all the trouble we may take over them, remaining in beauty for many long and precious weeks.

I always count on a second harvest of colour from my early varieties of delphiniums, the spikes which have done flowering are cut down to the ground and a dressing of rich soil mixed with very well-rotted manure put round them to make up for the extra work they are asked to do; they are so convivial that the bribe of another luscious feast stirs them up to willing activity again; and we find the flowers of early summer bravely repeated in the waning days of autumn.

The race appears to be quite free from the attacks of any organic disease and it is one of the few which does well in London and in town gardens, two facts which might endear it to the heart of every amateur, especially in its perennial forms. These are, generally speaking, not the wild types but the florists' hybrids of which there are scores of named sorts in a wide repertoire of tints, many of them of transcendent beauty.

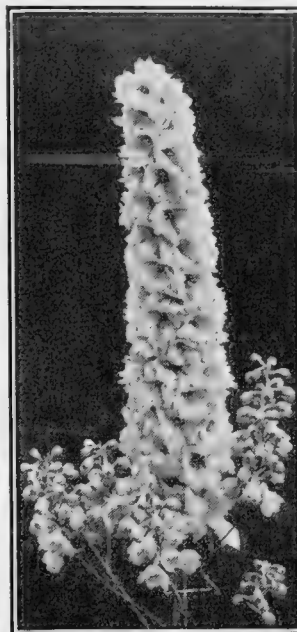
"Coquette" should always be included in the newly-planted delphinium border, not only for its large flowers of rich violet shaded with deep blue, but also because it has the kind habit of sending up an exceptionally strong flower spike the first season.

SOME CHARMING VARIETIES.

A VERY rich deep blue variety, which I first saw growing in masses of gentian intensity in Sir William Lawrence's famous garden, is called "Blue Boy" and it is, like "Coquette," among the cheap attainable kinds. Another gentian blue is called "The Bishop"; it has a conspicuous white eye on the single flowers, but some folk prefer the intense blue of "Vortex." In this variety, the inner petals are shaded with pansy violet; and that reminds me of "Violet Queen," in which the name colour is most charmingly blended with ruddy mauve; it is tall growing and very strong, best fitted for the back of the border.

One of the tallest is "Monarch of Wales," a real giant with an enormous spiral spike and the same type of colouring as the "Violet Queen." An early blooming fantasy in delicate milky-lavender and sky-blue is "Ladys Faire"; and one of the loveliest of all—a bright blue self—is Kelway's "Premier." A glorious new delphinium of distinct lavender edged with clear bright blue is "Lesley Dudley," and one of the treasures of my garden is the stately "Locarno," a very early and very wonderful kind.

Some of the flowers take on odd shapes and invest the spike with a different character to the rest of the bed; "Joy Bells" is one with its unique bell-shaped flowers of rosy mauve and blue; "Kate Greenaway" is another, a charming pale porcelain-blue, with each flower quaintly scalloped and crinkled, giving a prim old-fashioned delightful appearance to the very tall spikes.



Delphinium Mrs. Carlile.

The Countryside



Bringing in the bag. Though more sportsmen shoot now than before the War, lack of practice results in more birds being "pricked" and falling a prey to foxes and other vermin than formerly.

THE preservation of game is regarded by many people as a hobby of the well-to-do. That it provides a great deal of employment and that the amount of money circulated by reason of game rearing, preserving and shooting is very considerable are frequently overlooked. It is extremely difficult even roughly to estimate in actual figures the annual income in rental values of sporting rights, but some years ago the Royal Commission on Grouse estimated the annual value of grouse moors alone at £2,000,000.

It would be quite safe, I think, to assume that the income arising from the ownership and tenancy of shooting lands in England and Wales would easily reach an equivalent figure, while the amount paid to the Exchequer exceeds £250,000 annually for game and gun licences.

A HELP TO THE FARMER.

EXPENDITURE on shooting is not merely confined to the shooting. Game bird farms, with their constant expenditure on necessary accessories, and keepers' and employees' wages, are going on the whole year round, while guns, cartridges and the hundred and one *etceteras* of shooting are providing employment and circulating money.

And there is another equally important side to the question. The game bird is an asset to the agricultural community not only because its existence is the means of helping many a hard-pressed farmer to a little extra rent for the sporting rights over his land, but also because birds help to rid his ground of insect pests.

Were it not for the preserving of game, vermin would flourish unchecked. Thus it is obvious that the industry, as one may call it, of game preservation is necessary and valuable to the country, and should be the object of attention by the rich man, who can put down his birds in thousands, as well as by his more humble confrère on the small farm.

WEATHER AND DISEASE.

CLIMATIC conditions, disease and vermin wage a continual war against all classes of game. While the last is a simple enough matter to deal with, given sufficient keeping, many diseases are the direct outcome of

Many factors have to be considered in dealing with the preservation of game, and allowances made for wastage by disease and other misfortunes.

that wet and cold which we experience at all seasons of the year.

Pneumonia, chills and other ills which follow in the train of the cold winds, so often prevalent during the hatching season, frequently kill off hundreds of young birds. So do periods of drenching rain. In such times the insect life on which the birds depend to so great an extent suffers correspondingly.

It is not, of course, intended to discuss on this occasion the various diseases of birds of different species. This is far too big a subject, for grouse, partridges and pheasants all differ in peculiarities, rearing and feeding, on which a certain immunity from disease depends. While it is obvious that so far as weather conditions go the hand-reared birds have the best chance, even with these the greatest care in upbringing is necessary if a good proportion of healthy birds is to be the result.

REARING AND RESEARCH.

IT is rather curious, in view of its importance, that all research into the question of the health of game birds has been in the nature of private enterprise. With the single exception of that of the Grouse Commission no official comprehensive treatise has ever been issued on any game bird, although there are, of course, many expert writers on the subject.

I believe also that I am right in saying that the expenses of the Grouse Report were borne by landowners. Such experiments as are continually being carried out by individuals, which add greatly to our store of knowledge, are of necessity on a small scale. More than that, what may prove useful in one part of the country does not necessarily apply to the whole. All research, especially in chemistry and biology, is expensive, and few people are able to undertake it.

Of late years the decline of stock, particularly among partridges, has been very marked, so much so that some people declare that in a few years the partridge will disappear. This is due to a great many

causes, but certainly two of the chief are the reduction in the area of arable land and to the introduction of certain artificial manures which contain chemicals harmful to the birds. The latter affords a good instance of the value which would be derived from a general investigation of the whole situation.

Worth While DELPHINIUMS

Plant now for Summer display.

The following varieties represent the CREAM OF MODERN INTRODUCTIONS and will be the pride of any garden containing them:—

	Each
COQUETTE—Huge medium mauve and blue. 6 ft. - - -	2/6
JOY BELLS—Rich mauve self bell-shaped pips. 5 ft. - - -	5/-
MONARCH OF WALES—Award of Merit, Wisley, 1928. Huge glistening mauve and blue. 6 ft. - - -	5/-
THE BISHOP—Royal purple with white eye. Glorious. 4 ft. - - -	5/-
VIOLET QUEEN—Wonderful blend of mauve and deep violet. 6-7 ft. - - -	5/-
VORTEX—Gold Medal at Selfridge's Flower Show, 1928, for the best delphinium in the show. Brilliant ruddy mauve backed by gentian blue. Huge 6-7 ft. spike. - - -	15/-

SPECIAL OFFER to readers of 'Britannia' only. One each of the above six glorious sorts, 30/- post free, for cash with order.

BEST SEED 1/6, 2/6 and 5/- per pkt. post free.

INTERESTING CATALOGUES FREE FROM

HEWITT & CO., LIMITED.
Solihull, Warwickshire.

Established over 65 years.

CHILDREN'S HOTELS.

Comfortable House for Babies and Children of one month to 10 years. Catered for by trained people. Holidays or long periods. Hayes House, Hayes End, Middlesex. Tel. Hayes 120



A worn and weary woman, who exists with two other persons in a cellar room, in which there is neither light nor air.

THERE could not be, I suppose, a greater reproach than to have lived in a generation of progress and not to have felt a heartache over the slum problem—not to have done something (albeit but to feel furious) to remove the blackest spot on our national escutcheon. Reiteration makes us dull of hearing. That is our immediate danger. We easily assume, because we hear the slum problem constantly discussed, and see, here and there, tentative efforts to solve it locally, that the end (though obviously a distant end) of the slums is in sight. In the meantime the slums are in our midst.

The slum problem is mainly one of housing. After ten years in a London slum, where housing conditions are at their worst, I do not regard slum people as "hopeless," as some do. Not hopeless, but helpless. Think of the discouragements! Water has often to be fetched from one communal tap, sometimes out in the backyard. That means innumerable daily journeys with buckets. Hard work for the aged and infirm, who always seem to be at the top of a house! Hard work for women-folk. Dangerous, too, in pregnancy. The communal tap puts a tax on cleanliness. But it does not destroy the love of cleanliness.

SOME OF THE MISERIES.

WHILE the slum brings out some fine characteristics, such as courage of a high order, immense diligence, and a passionate love of being clean, it has a terrible effect upon the nation. When a large family of all ages is compelled to live in two or, at the most, three rooms, there is lack of privacy which must needs affect morality. Tragedies happen, but bad

housing is to be blamed. Serious sickness is, of course, dealt with in the hospitals, but there are minor ills which hang about for months because of the constant proximity of one member to another. A child with such an ill as eczema is certain to hand it round when he has to sleep with three or four other children in some blankets on the floor, often the only bed available. Food becomes tainted because it must be kept in the living rooms. Washing-day is a misery. And when, to make matters worse, the man falls out of employment and stays indoors, there are unnecessary storms. Edgy tempers use small things for fuel.



Four old tenement houses in course of conversion into self-contained flats with bathrooms.

The Rev. Basil Jellicoe, who has done much for the housing campaign in St. Pancras. He began, and brought to a successful conclusion, a game known as "Hunting the Landlord."

The drink problem, again, is one that can be solved only by good housing. A man does not drink merely because he likes beer. Most normal men are moderate drinkers. But when he comes home to find it topsyturvy, he escapes to the public house and stays there. Staying there he drinks much.

Solving the Slum Problem

By the REV. DESMOND

MORSE-BOYCOTT

Of St. Mary's Church, Somers Town

Deplorable housing conditions are not peculiar to the coalfields. The slum problem is common to all large towns and is too often regarded as insoluble. Yet in one populous quarter of London it is being grappled with successfully by private enterprise, with financial as well as moral profit for the investor.

It would be very different if he had a comfortable home and a good supper laid out for him. How can these things be when, as is often the case, to make ends meet at all, the woman has to go out to work, and is not able to make her depressing homestead clean, or attend to the children's needs, before the man is back, hungry and tired, from his long day's work?

NO CITY WITHOUT ITS SLUMS.

ONE can see, then, one disease at the back of many symptoms. Crime is largely due to bad housing. So, too, disease, unemployment (often due to sickness caused by bad quarters), deaths of mothers who have worked themselves out in pregnancy, and of their offspring, lunacy, and all the ills that man is heir to, to prevent which we spend enormous sums. We put national dressings over the sores. We do everything except diagnose and treat the disease.

There is not a city without its slum area, and the dwelling-places in many of the small towns, inland and sea, are not far removed from the condition which I have described, though municipal councils would be angry to be told so. But what is being done? Can the problem be solved?

Certain bodies—and, apparently, too, the Government—think that the problem cannot be solved, owing to the opposition of property holders and the enormous amount of money involved. Are vested interests, however, allowed to hinder the application of dressings to the sores? There are hospitals everywhere, lunatic asylums, poor-law institutions, prisons.

Why, then, should vested interest be considered when the question of curing the disease itself is before us? Slum clearance, anyhow, must ultimately diminish waste expenditure. The opposition of vested interest should be over-ruled, if necessary, by legal enactment. With courage, all

things are possible. Moreover, the financial fears of Borough Councils are illusory.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN ST. PANCRAS.

THE following true history of what has been done in St. Pancras should be known throughout the Empire, because it shows that the slum problem can be solved without dead financial loss. It is, perhaps, the boldest post-war experiment in housing. Size is a relative matter. The point is: what can be done in the dry tree can be done in the green. What can be done by two penniless clergy can be done by every Borough Council in the country, to say nothing of the Government.

Two simple things led to the inception of the St. Pancras House Improvement scheme. One was the discovery by the Rev. Basil Jellicoe, then head of the Magdalen College Mission in Somers Town, that a newly-installed bathroom in his gym was the most popular item in the parochial scheme. It was very difficult to get the bathroom empty when "time" was called.

The second was the pathetic case of a small boy who was sent to Eastbourne because he suffered from consumption. He was cured, but, returning to his old home (one of the homes on which the sun never rises), he relapsed within a year. There the sun set on his young life.

The bathroom for the poor, rough lads (such charming boys they are, when you know them well), and the case of the consumptive child, begot in the young Missioner a deep depression. He began to see the obvious, which is the last thing, as a rule.

These events made a deep impression on the young Missioner, who decided that before you set up hospitals, clinics, welfare centres, clubs and camps you must get to the seat of trouble—bad housing.

He called, then, a few friends together, and they began to look for property. There was no money with which to buy it, but the hunt was a relief to feeling. "Hunt the

landlord" began to be a game. There was always a sporting chance that one might find out who he was.

A BRAVE BEGINNING.

THEN, suddenly (and this has happened time and again during the Housing campaign in St. Pancras) a landlord became in need of ready money. A site fell into the market, and was bought on trust. The Housing Scheme became operative four years ago with the purchase of the freehold of eight houses in Gee and Clarendon Streets.

The purchase price was £3,000. An appeal was put into *The Times*, without a notion of what the response, if any, would be. To everyone's joy some £8,000 was raised in about five months. This tentative effort had the happiest result. The houses were con-



A ground floor flat and garden in Drummond Crescent: the whole of the Drummond Crescent area is being reconditioned at a total cost of over £70,000.

Catholic congregations. Then was bought the Sidney Street area, which comprised two streets. It is proposed to rebuild model dwellings, with a quadrangle (with a fountain in it) for the poor children. The cost of this will be £100,000.

SLUM-CLEARANCE.

PRAYER removes mountains. It is proven that it can transform the slums. It can go, also, hand-in-hand with good business. A three per cent. dividend has been paid each year from the start. Last year extra money was put on deposit.

What has been done in St. Pancras can be repeated throughout the country. It is important that private effort should go

hand-in-hand with municipal. Indeed, it is obviously private effort of the kind described which makes the authorities embark upon schemes of their own. It has tonic value.

There is one matter, however, that must be seen to at once. If a Government is not courageous and far-sighted enough to embark upon a national scheme, it might at least review the Rent Restrictions Act, and all that has to do with housing, so that depressing clauses may not hinder would-be inaugurators of such schemes as that in St. Pancras, or be an excuse to whitewash self-seeking property owners. There must be wise legislation at once. Let us hope that slum clearance may not be a party slogan at the impending election, but a national policy made operative by the Mother of Parliaments.

If a slogan, it will end on the hustings. If a movement within the parties, on co-operative lines, it will then outlive any Government, transcend any party aim; and end—not on the hustings but in new homesteads.

Is it too much to ask that such a vital question should be put above all party interests and be dealt with nationally?

If the whole problem of slum-clearance on a large scale was taken in hand by the Government and continuity of the work was established, a blot on our civilisation would be removed for ever.



At home in one of the new flats, where life can be lived under decent conditions and dirt, disease and destitution are unknown.

verted into self-contained flats, and have been occupied by the original tenants for the past two years. They are of varying sizes, but each includes a bathroom.

Soon the restless pioneers were looking for other property and negotiations began with the United Dairies for about 36 houses in Drummond Crescent, which were to cost from £10,000 to £12,000. Owing to competition it was found possible to secure these houses only by purchasing a great many more (70 in all)—that is, the whole of Little Drummond Street and a few in Seymour Street.

Now the huge Drummond Crescent area is being reconditioned, and £60,000 over and above the purchase price has come to hand, subscribed, mainly, by members of Anglo-



A block of the new flats as completed. They provide neat and clean model dwellings and remove from the district the stigma of the slums.



"An unimpeachable fac-simile of our correspondent's handwriting."

WHILE the majority of us are busy trying to derive the maximum amount of amusement from our radio broadcast receivers, we little realise what steady development is simultaneously taking place on the commercial side of wireless. In some senses, that which we know as "wireless" is a trivial thing, although one must admit—perhaps with a little sorrow—that the B.B.C. manages to get a considerable amount of uplift into its programme.

FAC-SIMILE TELEGRAPHY.

HOWEVER, the main point is that while we follow the progress of this "trivial" aspect of radio, development is ever taking place on the commercial side to render it of still greater national, international, and even universal, convenience and importance. In view of the tentative efforts that are being made

Commercial Wireless Development

RADIO COMMENTS by Robert W. Beare

Few developments in radio offer so great a scope for commercial enterprise as does fac-simile telegraphy which may in time supersede Morse.

at picture broadcasting and television, perhaps the progress evidenced at a recent Marconi demonstration of the same subject from the commercial point of view must have a great popular appeal.

The main impression that the onlooker brought away from that demonstration was that there is a distinct probability that in the not far distant future the present system of telegraphy may be completely revolutionised. No longer will our telegrams and cables—and particularly the latter—come to us in the form of the telegraphist's scribble, or in pasted-down strips of typewritten "tape," but in the form of an unimpeachable fac-simile of our correspondent's handwriting. This fac-simile telegraphy, either by wire or wireless, is not new; in fact, for years past leading newspapers have periodically reproduced examples of the matter, sometimes text, and later pictures, so transmitted. But the Marconi demonstration showed that the system has been adapted to the most up-to-date method of radio telegraphy—the short-wave beam system.

MAY REPLACE MORSE.

THE initial effort in this direction was made as early as 1842; long before the days of radio. But the

success of the short-wave beam system of transmission has enormously enlarged the scope of fac-simile telegraphy, and it is even officially predicted by the Marconi Company that the increase in speed and general efficiency has rendered it possible to prepare a true fac-simile service "that may in time" (to quote the official pronouncement on the subject) "replace Morse telegraphy on busy circuits, and make it normal procedure for telegrams to be received in the actual handwriting of the sender."

Perhaps the finest evidence of all of the advantages of the latest form of fac-simile transmission was furnished to the research engineers engaged in its perfection, in that they were able to transmit and receive between the two terminal points of the experimental "circuit" diagrams, graphs and other essential data without the usual delay

and possibility of error which attend transmission of such matter by ordinary means.

THE CHOICE OF VALVES.

IHAVE just received from the General Electric Company, the makers of Gecophone sets and apparatus and Osram valves, some most useful information on the choice of valves. The G.E.C. limits itself to a discussion on detector valves.

I should estimate that far more faulty operation, particularly in regard to distortion, is due to the use of an unsuitable detector than to the incorrect choice or operation of low frequency and power valves, although it is the valves that follow the detector that are usually suspected and blamed. It is fatal, in fact, to put just any valve in the detector socket and expect the remainder of the set to work satisfactorily, although this is often done.

When one hears that, in spite of immaculate care in the provision of adequate high tension and grid bias and the use of the finest known power valves, the set still blasts and distorts, it is almost invariably due to the detector valve. In all probability, this is not capable of dealing with the already considerably amplified energy passed on to it by the efficient modern high-frequency stages, in spite of the fact that on general grounds of selection, the detector valve is of the correct type.

This is a point on which the G.E.C. lay some stress. After pointing out that, generally speaking, the types of valves known as DEL, HL and DEH are respectively suitable to precede transformer, choke and resistance-capacity coupling of the detector to the first low frequency stage, attention is drawn to the fact that the advice must be modified according to whether the detector is or is not the first valve of the set, to which the incoming energy received on the aerial is applied.

Particularly in the case of a resistance-capacity coupled set, designed to give the greatest possible purity, it may be that the presence of high frequency stages before the detector will so greatly amplify the incoming energy that when it reaches the detector the latter is overloaded. Distortion results, and no matter how nearly perfect the low frequency stages may be, they can only amplify those distorted signals.



1929 "De Luxe" Cabinet-Five in figured walnut cabinet with special ball-bearing turntable.

This 1929 Cabinet-Five stands for all that is best in portable wireless, the ideal set for all who demand perfect reproduction, reliability and ease of manipulation. Simplicity itself to operate; you can tune in your choice of programmes from a very wide range

Do not buy a wireless until you have heard

Halcyon
PORTABLE WIRELESS RECEIVERS

Write for full particulars and a copy of "Halcyon Days" to Dept. B.B.

THE HALCYON WIRELESS CO., LTD.,
313-319, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Langham 3996-7-8.

The 1929 "De Luxe" Portable Cabinet-Five

PRICE

with full equipment (including CELESTION LOUD SPEAKER) and Marconi royalty on reduced basis

33 Guineas

or £5 down and 12 monthly payments of £2 15 0

A free demonstration puts you under no obligation and can be arranged by your nearest dealer.

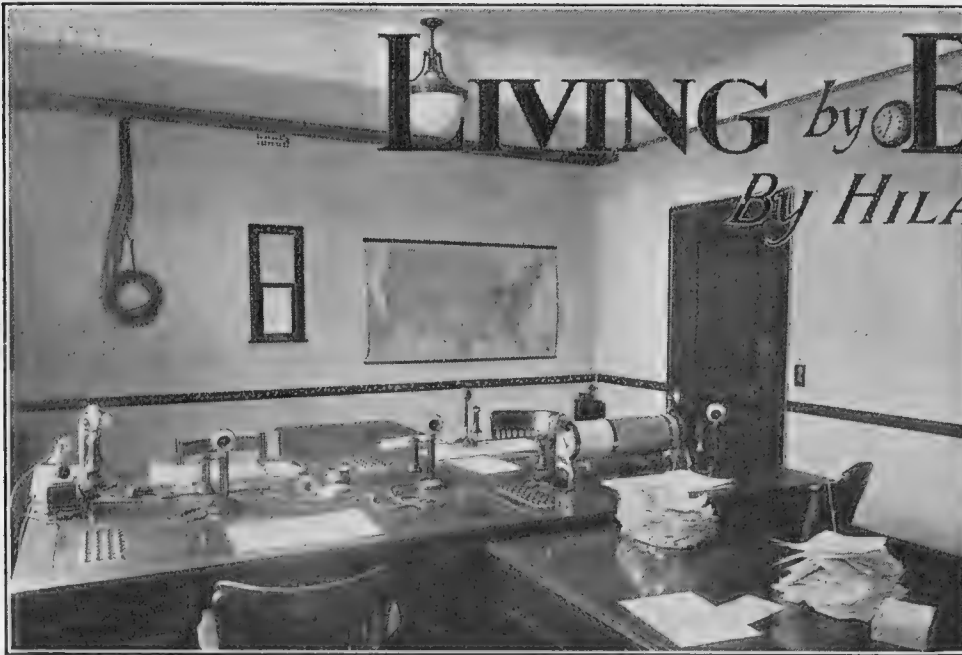
of British and Continental stations without the slightest technical knowledge.

Pay a visit to our stand at the B.I.F. White City and see this and other models which incorporate every improvement devised by advancing technical research.

VISIT
STAND NO
MM66
B. I. F
FEB 18th to MARth



"The set still blasts and distorts."



In touch with the world. The Foreign telephone room in the new premises of Hambros Bank. The great increase in British banking and insurance is attracting the attention of all foreigners.

THERE is a general impression growing throughout the world that Great Britain is going to transform itself from an industrial State to a Banking State, that is, from a nation principally concerned with producing goods by machinery to a nation principally concerned with the profits of handling credit.

This impression is not only held by the most intelligent foreign opinion, but by a number of acute observers at home. The idea is that the loss we must sustain by selling less of our goods abroad, we can recoup by extending our activities as bankers, insurers, and brokers for the world.

That this country has lost a large proportion of its old revenue from direct production for external markets is common knowledge. The proportion so lost, in comparing, say, 1927 with 1913, cannot be exactly estimated. It is a much more complicated business than merely gathering statistics on the tonnage and values of exports. But that there has been heavy loss, say over a fifth, will not be doubted. Further, it looks as though this situation were permanent. It is even probable that the gap between the old and the new proportions of external sales of goods will increase; that is, if the average be taken over a number of years.

INDUSTRIAL CAPITALISM'S OLD AGE.

THE reasons put forward for this great change are many. There is the fact that Napoleon's prophecy has come true (a pretty obvious one) and that other nations have learnt to produce for themselves and others what once we alone could produce for them. There is the fact that the Great War has impoverished Europe. There is the disturbance in, or absence of, far Eastern and Russian markets. There is the new intensity of nationalism which has put up much higher tariff walls round a greater number of States than were ever known before. But there is another and deeper cause which is more serious. It may be called "The Old Age of Industrial Capitalism."

Great Britain produced, by far the first among nations, the system of industrial capitalism. To it were due her

rapid expansion of wealth and population during the end of the eighteenth and the whole of the nineteenth century. Other nations followed suit much later. We are to-day, therefore, much farther advanced in the development of the system.

Now industrial capitalism has for its main factor wage labour. Capital hires labour to produce goods for it at such and such a sum. It then sells the goods at such and such a larger sum, the difference between the two being profit, which is the motive force of the whole system. The system in its origins is also based upon free competition. The capitalist hires labour as cheaply as he can get it, and conversely labour sells itself at as high a price as it can obtain.



The Way to Wealth.—The marble entrance hall in Hambros Bank.

LIVING by BANKING

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

Britain is becoming a Banking State, which means that the national income will be derived more and more from banking and insurance rather than from direct production. Mr. Belloc (who writes every month in BRITANNIA) while discussing the advantages of the system also points out its dangers.

In the youth of the system—during its first long lifetime and more in this country—the competition for mere livelihood between the members of the working class kept wages at a level which permitted regular and ample profit. But under the effect of time, labour organises itself to obtain the best possible terms, and though indirectly it might be to its advantage not to cut into profit, yet its direct advantage is to obtain the very best terms possible at the expense of profit. And the words "the very best terms" do not only mean actual money wages. They also mean limited hours of work, free education for the children, in many cases the subsidising of rent, insurance against unemployment and sickness, pensions and social services of every kind.

EMIGRATION DISAPPEARS.

CAPITALISM in its old age gets stiff. The elasticity of its earlier stages is lost. And this takes another form in the shape of the crystallisation of labour. Labour ceases to be fluid. The Unions develop much of the guild spirit which at once limits a craft and perpetuates membership in it. Men become less and less inclined to leave the work to which they are ascribed. It becomes more and more difficult to change over surplus labour from a stricken industry to a new and developing one.

At the same time the old facility of emigration disappears, and there is added to this last difficulty the development of the countries into which labour used to immigrate, which countries put up increasing obstacles to the reception of immigrants at random.

No doubt the other nations which have taken up industrial capitalism after us will feel the same effects many years hence. But during our own generation we are suffering from having been the pioneers much more than a century ago.

The way in which banking and insurance might fill the gap would be by establishing the reputation and practice of British banking and insurance that foreigners would deal with it in preference to the native establishments. There is already a strong tendency apparent in this direction, and the mere momentum of the increasing business would make for further increase.

It is conceived that the advantages thus gained might make up the gap between our former and our present rate of direct production, or at any rate make up the gap when coupled with

the profits from distant enterprises (especially in the Tropics and sub-Tropics) directed by British capital.

TOWARDS THE NEW STATE.

WHETHER this conception will prove sound or no, only the future can discover; but there is no doubt that, in fact, and to some extent in conscious policy, Britain is changing towards becoming a Banking State, or, to be more accurate, towards a condition in which the proportion of national income derived from banking, insurance, etc., will grow larger, and the proportion from direct production less.

It is already apparent that, of the economic forces which principally govern the country, banking is the chief; there is even complaint that our policy upon every side, domestic and foreign, has been sacrificed to the interests of banking. To which the answer is made that, as banking interest is going to be more and more our safeguard against decline, it should rightly be given the chief position.

It is interesting to note that other States in the past have gone through the same process. They have proceeded from an income produced by general production, exchange, carrying, etc., to one more and more drawn from money dealing and credit handling. Venice is one great example, Genoa another.

THE DANGERS OF THE CHANGE.

THE perils of the change are principally two—First the sustenance of a number of citizens, as the change proceeds, becomes more and more artificial. Second—the



Reconstruction of the City. Lloyds Bank at the Monument: Banking is the economic force which mainly governs the country.

political basis of banking revenue is precarious.

As to the first, it translates itself in practice by the familiar term "unemployment." Supposing all weaving, spinning, forging, mining, making machinery, etc., were to

stop to-morrow and the national banking interest were to provide a new income equal to the loss sustained by the disappearance of the old industrial profits, what would happen to the working population? They could be kept alive either by subsidies or as servants of the luxury and quasi-luxury trades upon which the new income would be spent. But they would no longer be working at a craft and directly producing goods of primary importance.

An extreme example of this sort is, of course, fantastic, but it shows the nature of the process; as the proportion of income drawn from banking increases, the luxury trades increase and so do the numbers attached to serving wealth personally, but at the same time the unemployment of craftsmen and producers of essential things increases also.

WHEN THE CRASH COMES.

TO this attaches the second political peril. A banking income depends upon something most subtle, to wit, the habit the world gets into of dealing with a particular banking centre which is both a cause and effect of the high credit of that centre. But if anything happens, such as a civil disturbance, or getting the worst of a war, to lower that confidence and habit, the whole affair crashes; and there is nothing to take its place. A productive nation, especially an agricultural nation, can suffer revolution, defeat, and even invasion and recover. A banking nation cannot.

Is Canada worth While?

Canada is intensely loyal to the British flag and will not change this attitude until the Empire ceases to exist.

By G. B. JOHNSON

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company think Canada is worth while and they have never made a mistake. They are about to build 1,200 miles of new lines to tap virgin mineral and agricultural regions, mainly in Saskatchewan, at a huge cost. Twelve hundred miles in one or two Provinces alone! (London to Edinburgh is four hundred miles.) Since the war the C.P.R. have ordered new ships on the Clyde alone of the value (from memory) of £17,000,000. The Canadian National Railways, with 22,000 miles of lines, are of the same opinion. They are expanding and constantly improving their whole vast system.

IMMENSE ECONOMIC GROWTH.

A WHOLE catalogue of facts cannot be given in a short article but:—Since 1922 the gross value of the Dominion's industrial production has grown from £500,000,000 to nearly £800,000,000; Canadian trade with this country in eleven months last year increased by nearly £11,000,000 as compared with 1927; mining, manufacturing, hydro-electric developments are humming; new records are being created in the building industry and great buildings and little buildings are going up everywhere. The largest hotel in the Empire is now nearing completion in Toronto, which is symptomatic of the scale of things.

Agriculture needs no special mention because everyone knows about its growth.

The truth is that Canada to-day is, generally, highly prosperous. A dash of Irish blood and a passion for facts compels the statement that she has already traversed some distance into a future expansion almost,



Canada's enterprise is emphasised by the fact that the largest hotel in the Empire will shortly be completed at Toronto. A view of the Royal York as it will appear when finished.

it seems, without parallel in history.

Canadians are relying less on capital from outside sources, but are themselves investing abroad, which indicates the growing wealth of the country. Nevertheless, American money is being poured into the country. Recent British investments, while now looking up, are small in comparison.

THE AMERICAN SCARE.

DO Canadians of British stock who, with the loyal French-Canadian, easily form the bulk of the population and public opinion view this dollar invasion with alarm—as a possible forerunner of political absorption? They do not. But if British capital and energy were to lend themselves more fully to the Herculean but romantic task of Canada's development, Canadian encouragement and co-operation would be unbounded.

The feeling in Canada would be similar in kind to that aroused in Englishmen when Canadian Divisions came, and never ceased coming during the war, to join British Divisions in a certain job of work. But better American help than none.

The pessimists who, when they have the choice of two evils, choose both, have been telling us for many years that England is going to the dogs. Her resilience, however, has always confounded them. Canada has often been told by the same cheerful people that her ultimate fate is to be golloped by the American eagle. Canadians nowadays cannot even crack a smile at that ancient joke. On close inspection this bird is not so fierce and ravenous as it may appear at a distance.

No. The Dominion will find herself swallowed about the same time as England goes finally to the yapping bow-wows. Both countries, I am inclined to think, have some years to go before each meets its horrible fate.



The Ven. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.
Archdeacon of Norfolk and Canon of Norwich.

"A GENTLEWOMAN of London," says Bishop Latimer in one of his own sermons, "was met in the street by a friend and asked where she was going." "Marry," was the reply, "I am going to St. Thomas of Acorns to the sermon. I could not sleep last night, and I am now going thither. I never failed of a good nap there."

Her reason for Church attendance was, no doubt, deplorable, and is not to be taken as a precedent, although the Bishop apparently thought there was some excuse for her conduct. But at least this "gentlewoman of London" would have had no sympathy with those who in our own times have urged that there are too many sermons. On this much-debated theme I hold no opinion. Instead, I offer a suggestion that the sermons preached in the pulpits of this or any land are insignificant in number compared with the sermons of another kind.

INFORMAL THEOLOGY.

IS it not true that current events, as set before us day by day and week by week in the newspapers and periodicals, offer to a receptive mind the same practical lessons that the pulpit seeks to enforce? They do not deal in formal theology, but in their way they are very emphatic about character and conduct, and the things that make for happiness as well as usefulness in life. The deeds, good or ill, recorded; the exposure of human nature in its better and its worse moments; the witness to simple faith and high endeavour, and to the contrary things—have not all these an appeal to the intelligence and the feeling of those who read about them?

No doubt the appeal is often missed, and that, not from indifference to such appeal, but only because the events come to us as so much news, and we let them go at that. If the novelist or the dramatist embroidered the same intelligence, it would at once become something more than news. Whether the author or the dramatist did or did not think it consonant with true art to draw for us the moral, we should, to a greater or less degree, do this for ourselves.

The preacher, who took the same material with him to the pulpit, would, of course, proclaim the moral, and tell us in stated terms precisely what we were to learn. But why should we wait for their assistance? Why in this matter should not every man be his own preacher, interpreting for himself the things that happen day by day?

Here, for example, is one morning's paper, with its array of intelligence, and therefore its sermons, for those who care to read it so. Given in detail, but in the smallest type, it is the

story of the railway guard who, with one of his own arms broken, still worked away at releasing passengers from the wrecked train at Ashford. Here,

hard by, is a reminder how three brilliant men of science—Adrian Stokes, Noguchi and Young—all swiftly met death in trying to find out how other people might escape from dying of the yellow fever. Just a few lines recall the good deed of Frederick Roake, one of the unemployed, who, at the risk of his own life, found work to do in rescuing a woman from drowning.

Have acts like these nothing to say unless we can find somebody else to draw a moral for us? There are also materials for sermons of another sort in the bald narrative of a dissipated inheritance and a ruined career; in the exposure of long practised villainy; in the dismal story of unrestrained passion and its gallows-fruit; in the revelation of heartless cruelty; and in the record of many another sordid deed. Shall they all pass without profit to the rest of us?

THE VOICE VERSUS BOOKS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS—in his day a preacher as welcome at Westminster Abbey as in the churches of the United States—once said, "No multiplication of books can ever supersede the human voice. No newly-opened channel of approach to man's mind and heart can ever do away with man's readiness to receive impressions through his fellow-man."

For the comfort of those who speak from the pulpit let us assume that he was right. Imagine how some of the news just reported would have been handled by, let us say—to avoid a modern instance—Whitfield. Lord Chesterfield was a man of sensibility, though not over much given to sentiment. But when Whitfield drew a picture of a blind man deserted by his dog, stumbling over a moor and hovering on the edge of a precipice, there burst from Chesterfield the cry, "Good God, he is gone!" But then Whitfield was, on the testimony of men like Hume, and Bolingbroke, and Garrick, a preacher in a million. Is not Garrick reported to have said, "I would give a hundred guineas if I could say 'Oh!' like Mr. Whitfield"? But we ought not to miss an opportunity because there is not a Whitfield at hand for the moment.

After all, we have plenty of encouragement to a right use of current events in the example of those who have found Nature, art and science drawing their thoughts towards God. Mr. Kipling's Scots engineer saw the parts and duties of his ship's machinery illustrate the scheme of Calvin's dour theology. The Christian poet, honouring God in Nature, pleads for "a heart to find out Thee and read Thee everywhere."

Every Man his Own Preacher

By the VEN. A. R. BUCKLAND, M.A.

(Archdeacon of Norfolk and Canon of Norwich.)

The Psalmist has not been the only man who, considering the heavens, has cried, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" And shall we hear sermons in this fashion and yet find none in the drama of human life as it is set before us day by day?

No doubt there are dangers. It is possible to draw wrong inferences from facts. There is illustration of this in a New Testament narrative. Some presumably rather self-satisfied folk came to Jesus Christ with news of certain turbulent Galileans, "whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifice." They rather assumed that Pilate's visitation was a proof of heaven's displeasure at the Galileans' sins. They drew a moral; but it was a wrong one. He suggested that they would make the same mistake in the case of a then recent accident at Siloam, where eighteen lives had been lost by the fall of a tower.

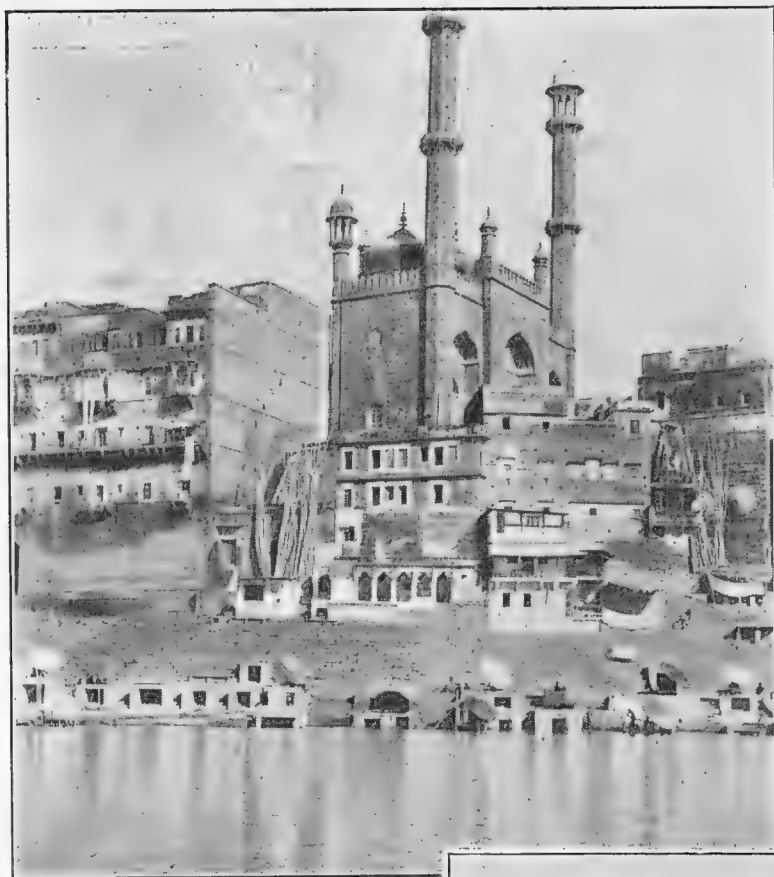
On another occasion he corrected the same error in the case of a man born blind. This particular mistake is made again and again, just because some complacent observers of another's calamity are ready to set it down as a "judgment" on the sufferer. But blunders of this sort, rooted rather in malice than in piety, need not keep us from a true appreciation of things that may be learned from events that happen before our eyes or come to us as news.

Every receptive mind may discover, if it will, a Power at its side, ready to interpret the facts of life as they come its way.

BE YOUR OWN PREACHER.

IT is said, perhaps with some measure of truth, that people care less than they once did to sit as readers at the feet of Prophets, Evangelists and Apostles. If that be so, then the loss may be diminished if they will be ready to hear high instruction offered in the play of human life as witnessed day by day. Probably we have all missed a good deal by failure to be our own preachers, to mark for ourselves the meaning of things we have seen or heard of. The lesson may have been as plain as a pikestaff and one we very much needed. But we let it pass. We were very much like the two travellers on the road to Emmaus, failing to recognise that Other, Who explained to them in some detail the meaning of a recent event. For every receptive mind may discover, if it will, a Power at its side, ready to interpret the facts of life as they come its way.

Perhaps some—conscious of past oversights, but come some day to clearer vision, and better understanding—may then say, with the two at Emmaus, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked with us by the way?"



Above: Amid many hundreds of Hindu temples stands the Mosque which Aurangzeb built at Benares in about 1660.

TO the newcomer to the mystic East the experience of a railway journey is a new joy, no matter whither it may lead. But when the journey leads to the ancient city of Benares, with all its historic associations, that railway journey will doubly repay the taking.

SIVA'S CITY.

BENARES, or Varanasi, to give it its ancient Hindu name, is a city of proud palaces and stately temples. From the Holy Mother Ganges, Benares appears as a city of do ne minarets and temples, fringed at the water's edge by many giant mushrooms growing at unusual angles and strangely full of movement. On closer inspection these prove to be the umbrellas which the pilgrims carry when bathing in the sacred stream.

For centuries the pious Hindu has made Benares what Mecca is to the Mahommedan—a city revered above all others—for it is the home of Siva, who underwent such trials and tribulations as have never been endured before or since.

Elaborate and beautiful carvings adorn a shrine of Siva which is to be found in the city, and it is here that the "chief of the gods" dwells—the immortal five-faced god who contrives all things for the good of the world. Oddly enough, in this temple is also a picture of Kali, "the Dark One, a terrific form of Durga and the spouse of Time, the Bringer of Evil." It is a grim picture, for this gruesome goddess wears a necklace of skulls, a cobra as a girdle,

BENARES

the Holy City of Siva

"This is where the fire-carriages come. One stands behind that hole . . . who will give thee a paper to take thee to Umballa."

"But we go to Benares," he replied petulantly.

"All one. Benares then. Quick; she comes."

From "Kim," by Rudyard Kipling.

By CHARLES RANSON

Illustrations by courtesy of the Indian State Railways

Below: One of the most famous sights in Benares is the Golden Temple, dedicated to Siva, which has domes and towers of gold.



with another entwined around her neck. In the *Sapta Shati* it is written, "the terrific faced Kali furiously fell upon the giants, wrathfully swallowed up her enemies and chewed their chariots with her teeth," and, looking at the picture, it is not difficult to imagine this pleasant occurrence.

GYAN KUP.

NOT far from Siva's shrine is the Well of Knowledge, into which, in the remote past, the symbol of Siva was thrown, and here it rests to this day. Its properties include the remarkable power of cleansing from guilt, and even the most hardened criminal may obtain salvation—until his next fall from the path of virtue—from its waters.

But it costs money to obtain this remission of sin, for a Brahmin sits at the seat of custom to receive coins from the sinners, who in return are given a drop of the precious water in the palms of their hands. The Hindus are by no means selfish in their dispensation of forgiveness, for Christians and Mahommedans are equally entitled to reap the



Many high-caste Indians build their palaces overlooking the Ganges, the river which has so great a religious significance to all Hindus.

benefits of *Gyan Kup*, the Well of Knowledge—at a price.

Many are the temples of which Benares boasts, and all are full of interest and beauty, whilst in the streets are sights which strike the European as being strange and bizarre.

WOMEN AND PROCESSIONS.

ORIENTAL ideas of feminine emancipation have not advanced with those of the West. In Benares a common sight is what appears to be a crimson parcel attached to a bamboo pole being carried by two coolies. On enquiry it will be found that in this sits a lady of high caste who is being borne by her servants, for being of noble family she may not walk abroad like her humbler sisters. The lady sits—or rather squats, in Oriental fashion—on a basket-work erection to the corners of which are attached sticks of bamboo which meet over her head. The crimson cloth is tightly fitted to this frame and the occupant is carried about in solitary state by her retainers.

Hindus, like most Orientals, have a consuming passion for processions, one or more of which will almost certainly be met in the streets of Benares. A gorgeously clothed man, riding on a white horse at the head of a procession, may be encountered. On his head will be noticed a tinsel crown, and round his neck a garland—the inevitable symbol of Hindu festivity. By his side a relation holds a bright Oriental umbrella, while he is followed by a procession of friends carrying gaudy banners and tawdry tinsel devices.

This is a wedding procession, and he on the horse is the bridegroom; but where, you may ask, is the



The Ghats, with pilgrims bathing at the temple, which has slipped bodily from the banks into the river. Note the mushroom-like umbrellas which the bathers carry.



The Jalsain, or Burning Ghat, where the bodies of dead Hindus are cremated with sandalwood. Smoke may be seen rising on the right of the picture.



A part of the Ganges water front, showing the small houseboats in which the people of Benares move up and down the river.

bride? As I have said, woman is not emancipated in India, and the unfortunate girl is not allowed to take any active part in these displays, but sits at home while her husband parades the streets to be admired by all and sundry.

Then there are funeral processions, but as these are not pleasant sights—as those of the Chinese are—the less said of them the better.

THE GHATS.

BENARES is reputed to have upwards of 2,000 temples, and a guide book is a more fitting place in which to discover their features than in this article. But Saranath, a few miles out, where Bud-

dha "turned the Wheel of Law"—in other words, preached his first sermon—is a place which should be visited.

Most famous of sights in Benares are the ghats, or steps which lead to the sacred Ganges. Here there is ever a kaleidoscopic scene of activity and colour as the pilgrims make their way to bathe in the holy river. The Ganges flows for some 1,500 miles, but it is at Benares that the river is most venerated, and daily there may be seen hundreds of pious Hindus, who bring offerings of rice, flowers, fruit and milk. It is a festal and unforgettable scene, but at the Burning Ghat it is a sorrowful sight, for it is here, amid ceremony, that the ashes of deceased Hindus are committed to the sacred stream.

In this centre of Hinduism, rearing its lofty minarets over the city, is the Mosque of Aurangzeb which towers 250 feet above the river. From one of its minarets there is a magnificent view of the Ganges and the surrounding country which stretches away in its greenness into the distance to the Chunar Hills. Immediately below the maze of streets which form Benares gives an admirable idea of the ancient oriental town.

The Passing Show In Books

By James Milne

WHEN you call in a doctor, a task in which many people are engaged just now, the first thing he does is to take your temperature. If you want, at any moment, to know the temperature of the English literary market, you ask, "What are the best sellers?" It's perfectly wrong from a "high-brow" standpoint, but you do discover the immediate taste of the massed reader. He is, of course, a poor, despised fellow, but if he did not exist, our friends, the London publishers, would have to turn to something else and that might be difficult.

MR. ARLEN AND OTHERS.

Perhaps Mr. Michael Arlen's *Lily Christine* is most in demand among novels, and, of course, they are the stuff for the general reader. *Lily Christine* will not sell like *The Green Hat*, though it is a better book. But it is now sure of a greater popularity than any story Mr. Arlen has done since then.

"Elizabeth's" suburban romance—and tragedy!—*Expiation*, probably comes second and it has grace for the few and diversion for the many. Mr. A. E. Mason is a good third with his mystery tale, *The Prisoner in the Opal*. Sir Philip Gibbs's *Darkened Rooms*, where his Fleet Street training enables him to make capital "copy" out of spiritualism, makes a fourth.

Thanks to the reviews it got, Mr. Charles Morgan's *Portrait in a Mirror* has the fifth place. But its qualities are for the "high-brow" rather than for the "man in the street," and so it cannot hope to keep up the pace.

A DEAN AND LAYMEN.

Somebody said, the other day, that Dean Inge had probably done his best work as a writer, and it is very easy to say that. The answer is that his *Assessment and Anticipations* is in the van as a "best seller," not fiction. One reflects, however, that an author's most popular book is rarely the one into which he has put his finest work; but one that comes later when his name rings from the house-tops.

The *Letters of the Empress Frederick* persists in circulation beyond what, in ordinary circumstances, would be expected of such a work. Well, the story of how the letters were brought to England was a great advertisement and the ex-Kaiser has swelled the chorus. Simple importance has given a steady, lasting circulation to Lord D'Abernon's journal as "An Ambassador of Peace" in Germany after the war. It does not hurry but it goes all the day.

NOVEL AND FILM.

Now for new books which are in course of finding their fortunes and at the head of them is Mr. H. G. Wells's *The King Who*

BOOKS TO BE READ

The Slippery Ladder, by PETT RIDGE. Methuen, 7s. 6d.

One of Those Ways, by MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES. Heinemann, 7s. 6d.

Scarlet Sister Mary, by JULIA PETERKIN. Gollancz, 7s. 6d.

The Last September, by ELIZABETH BOWEN. Constable, 7s. 6d.

Viennese Love, by HUGO BETANER. Cassell, 7s. 6d.

Passing By and Overlooked, by MAURICE BARING (two old stories reissued together). Heinemann, 6s.

The Prospects of Democracy, by ALFRED ZIMMERN. Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.

How We Lived Then (1914-1918), by MRS. C. S. PEEL, O.B.E. John Lane, 15s.

The Magic Island (Haiti and Voodoo Worship), by W. B. SEABROOK. Harrap, 12s. 6d.

Seamen of the Downs, by GEORGE BETHEL BAYLEY. Blackwood, 12s. 6d.

The History of the Devil, by R. LOWE THOMPSON. Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.

Napoleon: A Study, by DMITRI MEREZHKOVSKY. Dent, 7s. 6d.

The Ivory Door, a Play by A.A. MILNE. Chatto & Windus, 5s.

How to Abolish the Slums, by E. D. SIMON, formerly Lord Mayor of Manchester. Longmans, 4s. 6d.

Was a King, published by Sir Ernest Benn. Here is a new "departure," indeed, for it is at once a novel, done with all his literary craft, and a film scenario of clear originality and quick movement.

There is a modern echo of the *Prisoner of Zenda* in the novel-scenario, for it largely transpires in a small Balkan state. This state owns the world supply of calcomite, a mineral vital to the Americans. John Bull is behind the calcomite industry and when he and Uncle Jonathan both want the same thing events get crowded and colourful.

As a work of imagination, carried through on the two wheels, story and film, *The King Who Was a King* will probably be a milestone in Mr. Wells's creative library. Whether it will win the plain reader, who hates cleverness, or ever actually be filmed, we shall only

learn in the goodness of a little time. By then Mr. Wells will probably have written another "new departure," laying it in the Sunny South where he has spent our bleak winter.

CHRIST THE SUPER-MAN.

Why does nearly every novelist want to write a life of Christ? Dickens left a manuscript of that sort, and Sir Hall Caine is understood to have, more or less, finished a study of the great Galilean. Those words entitle a life, or, rather, a picture of Christ which Mr. Robert Keable, the novelist, left, when he died in Tahiti.

Mr. Keable was once a parson but he had put off the straight and narrow collar. His presentation of Christ is not as the Churches represent Him, but as what, in Mr. Keable's idea, the world needs Him to be. He has sought to make Him a "human figure" and in the process he hardly leaves Him recognisable as the Deliverer of the Cross.

Another novelist, who, like Mr. Keable, has wandered in far parts, is Mr. William McFee, and in a new Heinemann story, called *Pilgrims of Adversity*, he takes us to Central America with James Wishart, the sentimental Scotch engineer of a tramp steamer. By contrast we go to the African Sahara with Major P. C. Wren in a volume of short stories, just published by Murray, *Beau Gestes*. Equally entertained, you can stay in England and read *My Wife, Poor Wretch*,

a most promising first novel which Miss Emma Beatrice Brunner has written for a new publishing house, Besant and Co., of Orange Street, around Elizabeth; the vivacious, shrewish, faithful wife of Samuel Pepys.

THOSE DEAR AMERICANS.

Two Americans novelists whom we like on our side of the Atlantic, have been resting their story activities and doing other writing. One is Mr. Christopher Morley, with *Off the Deep End*, the other is Mr. Booth Tarkington with *The World Does Move*, and both books have the Heinemann imprint. Mr. Tarkington, whose *Monsieur Beaucaire* is always a sweet memory, surveys social progress since the twentieth century began. He discourses on our hats, our vehicles, our girls and a thousand other topics; and generally he is wise and always he is entertaining.

Mr. Morley's *Off the Deep End* runs on the text taken from one of the books of his late friend, Mr. C. E. Montague:

Words must have been made by man for telling about quite small things only, and lighting the dim spaces between people who did not know how to be friends.

A text of great possibilities.

LOOKING FORWARD!

One is always interested in a famous man's attitude towards himself and posterity and that thought comes out of a reading of Mr. R. B. Mowat's biography of Lord Pauncefoot, undoubtedly a great ambassador. When he was begged by his friends to countenance a biography he would answer:

I have worked too hard all my life to be a sufficiently interesting subject for any biographer, although I have been closely connected with very important men and events. But of these I must write myself, and I look forward to doing so in my leisure, after I retire. But my biography will never be written.

The retirement and the leisure never came and thus we missed another of the notable books which were to have been written and were not.

On the other hand, there are books we could do without and that applies to Herr Herbert Eulenberg's *Hohenzollerns*, so far as some of its British references are concerned. For instance, this about the Prince Consort: "A handsome, bearded man, whom the ladies found charming, and who stepped forward with graceful alacrity when Victoria's choice eventually fell on him." Or the statement that when Germany declared unrestricted submarine war against us we walked the London pavements with placards saying, "Down with Prussia!" "Annihilate It!" "Death to William!" "No Peace with the Hohenzollerns!" We really went quietly about the business of smashing the German submarines, and we did it.



Countess Russell, author of that favourite, "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Her new novel, "Expiation," is enjoying wide popularity.

WATSON

By A.M. Burrage

Illustrations by Dudley Tennant.

Watson was a formidable footballer but a very quarrelsome man. He was throughout his career his own worst enemy. As his football days drew to an end Watson's desire to become the landlord of a public-house grew stronger and stronger. . . . But Watson had a daughter with rather high notions and a desire for a good time . . . an early morning run in a sports car after a dance, for example. . . . It was an adventure of this kind which led to Watson losing his temper with the wrong man and, incidentally, his public-house. . .

He is a dour and truculent man, and he plays dour and truculent football.

YOU may secure a portrait of him for twopence, for Mr. Truefitt, the most enterprising of our local photographers, sends a representative to every home match with a tray of postcards each bearing the likeness of a member of the team or—if you be a hero-worshipper with a limited purse—of the whole team grouped together.

Watson plays centre-half for us, and by Us, of course, I mean Claychester Town. We—and I use the pronoun humbly and in the spirit of partisanship—are a professional team.

I must own what I would scarcely dare to say publicly, that We—meaning, of course, our team—are not a really great side. With an average gate of less than three thousand we can hardly expect to purchase or retain the really first-rate players. It would be contrary to the interests of commercialised sport were we able to do so. Surely the club that can entice thirty to sixty thousand people through its turnstiles is entitled to the best performers. In these days when any player who rolls his R's can command the maximum salary, besides finding presents of money in his boots, Claychester Town cannot afford even the least suspicion of a Glasgow accent.

Our players consist of old Has-beens and young Goings-to-be. Young men, seeing visions of First League football and international caps, use our club as the first rung of the ladder; old men, dreaming dreams of their former prowess, and still unwilling to retire from the game, spend their last season or two with us. We play in a minor league in which the second elevens of some of the first-class clubs compete, and occasionally, in an early round of the Cup, we meet, and often extend, a Third League side.

THE Captain of Claychester and the king of our veterans is Watson. Besides being a professional footballer he is a foreman at the local brickworks, for our wages-sheet is a small one and all our paid players have other jobs, found for them by directors or supporters of the Club. Watson, despite being the owner of a Cup Final medal, earns no more than two pounds ten a week by his football to-day.

He has been with some of the strongest clubs in the land, and helped to lower the colours of the Spurs, the Villa, Everton and Newcastle. But he was always a great quarreller, and has quarrelled with all his clubs, so that he has left them in turn without a benefit and generally for only a small transfer fee, with the result that his football career has been a financial failure. How old he is we don't know, nor would he tell us if we asked, but we know that he must be past forty, for he has a daughter of nineteen.

Watson plays centre-half. He is rather below medium height and considerably above medium breadth. His hair is coarse, black, close-cropped, and powdered with grey above the ears. His face is rather pale, well rounded at the cheeks, but very square at the base. His eyebrows, which are straight and almost join, are thick, black and flecked with grey. Under them are two blue-black eyes with a cold gleam in them. The mouth is straight, firm and grim, and the lower jaw is like the ram of a battleship. He is rarely seen to smile. He is a dour and truculent man, and he plays dour and truculent football.

HE is not a popular player, although some of the best informed who air their views

on the slopes of a Saturday afternoon in a mist of smoking Woodbines, declare that he is still the best player on our side. True, he has lost a good deal of his pace, but he knows the game, and the ball generally comes to him, as if it were a well-trained dog which he had whistled.

If any of the opposing inside forwards are too fast or too clever we generally notice that they limp after a while. We hear of him being hooted on other grounds; indeed, even among ourselves, he has the reputation of being "a bit dirty." But we don't really mind our own players



He is tall and lean with a scholarly stoop, and the sort of mouth designed to receive lettuce.

being "a bit dirty" so long as they win their matches, and it is an easy act of faith on our part to believe that the other side invariably begins the unpleasantness and deserves all it gets.

At least the directors—mainly well-nourished publicans who bring fat wives upholstered in plush to the front row of the grand-stand—are still satisfied with the old warrior.

When he came to us Watson made no secret of his ambition to become the landlord of a public-house after his football career was at an end. It is the ambition, and ultimate end, of many professionals. They take to inn-keeping as naturally as stockbrokers take to golf, and firms of brewers like to get hold of them and tuck them safely away in their tied houses.

The argument is that these retired heroes of the football field attract custom, that the public regards it as an honour to be served with synthetic beer by one of them, that any spirited young man, with the option of drinking at the house of an ex-professional left-back, or, say, the house of an ex-linen-draper, would naturally prefer to give his custom to the former. It was generally known in Claychester that Watson was "down" for a house, and would become the lessee of one so soon as the licence-holder of suitable premises was so obliging as to die.

The idea did not commend itself to Miss Dorothy Watson. She made no secret of the fact that the licensed trade was not refined enough for her tastes—"not classy enough" as she was apt to express it. And, since we could hardly imagine this fair flower blooming in an atmosphere of stale beer we sympathised with her.

Miss Dorothy Watson is employed at the local branch of a firm of multiple cash chemists, and is even more fragrant than the atmosphere hovering around that counter on which the variegated soaps are displayed. She inhabits a sort of witness-box topped by a wire cage, of which the one aperture, through which one passes one's money, is of the size and shape of the entrance to a dove-cote; so that how she gets in and out is a secret known only to herself and her colleagues.



There are some excellent sitting-out places at our Town Hall....

LET there be no mistake about it, Miss Watson is a pretty girl, with a complexion just like that of the lady on the wrappers of Honolulu Soap (the Society Woman's Face-joy). She is tall and willowy, with hair the colour of a fresh dandelion in June sunlight. So unlike is she in every respect to her father that those who are interested in eugenics speculate in vain as to the size, shape and colouring of the late Mrs. Watson.

If you are young and good-looking, or well-dressed, or known to be tolerably rich, you are always free to pause on your way out and exchange a few polite words with the lovely prisoner. Your wits are then instantly bemused by an overwhelming odour of night-scented stock or some other gracious essence. You are dazzled by the polish on fingernails as pink-tipped as those which destroyed somebody's peace of mind beside the Shalimar.

She speaks at just that pitch and with just that accent which one might expect of an angel who had been down to earth and graduated at Oxford. While she is handing you the right or wrong change she will remark that the day is "naice" or "fane," or if it is raining she will express a hope that the "weathah" will soon be "bettah."

Miss Watson, you would soon observe, is fond of High Life; indeed, she is a devoted admirer of the works of the popular novelists. She is to be seen at many of the more select of our local dances, but is careful not to dance with anybody below the social status of a clerk.

One wonders how she gets on with her father who is quite noticeably unrefined, particularly in his speech. He is a man of few words and only two adjectives, the more decent of which, having been popularised by Mr. Bernard Shaw, is now used freely by our younger novelists to show how daring they can be. We hope that Watson never speaks in his daughter's presence as he speaks in the dressing-room when discussing the bruise bestowed on him by an expert ankle-tapper or the short-sightedness of the referee.

But of one thing we are sure—that Watson is a disciplinarian. Are there not many of those who work under him in the brickfields who attend the football matches only in the hope of seeing him break a leg? This discipline, we are well aware, is not relaxed in his own house.

However refined the dance and however alluring the company, Dorothy Watson flies Cinderella-like for home on the stroke of twelve. Nor do young men in higher walks of life pursue her with dishonourable intentions; for although her father may be turned forty he is still as hard as iron, still fit enough to play football, and, as he is wont to remark when the occasion warrants it, he has done a good deal of scrapping. Thus she is treated with all the respect he deserves, and only one young man has ventured to flout him.

I HAVE already stated that Watson had his name down for a public-house. In Claychester there is only one firm of brewers where once there were several, but even as the big serpent swallowed all the little serpents, so the Claychester Brewery, Ltd., has

AND THE FARE IS—LOVE!

There's a purple that is wholly
O'er the hills—receding slowly
As the sun sets in his glorious array;
And the silver moon is rising,
Clouds—her majesty disguising,
As the twilight draws a curtain o'er the day!

Here, I watch the stars appearing,
From my cabin in the clearing,
And I offer up a prayer to Nature's King;
For the night that is approaching,
On the sunset rays encroaching,
Stills the birds, but just compels my heart to sing!

Oh! I love the midnight, dear'y,
Then my brain works far more clearly,
And I know that someone, somewhere,
softly calls;
All still moments thrill my being
When I am so close to seeing,
With the telescope of Love, great Heaven's walls!

absorbed its smaller rivals. If you enter any hotel in the town and ask for a half-pint of bitter beer you need not follow the much advertised advice and ask for a small Claychester, for you will get nothing else.

The principal director and largest shareholder is Sir Raymond Mulley, a gentleman with whom I have no concern. It is of his son Dalton that I must say a few unkind words. Dalton Mulley was twenty-three years old at the time of the incident which I am about to record, not long since down from the University, and apparently, except for taking a faint academic interest in the brewery, had nothing more to do than to be an ornament to our town.

We saw, and still see, him very often; sometimes driving a sports car, sometimes in plus-fours with a bag of clubs, sometimes in flannels with a tennis racket, sometimes riding, but always and at all times perfectly dressed for the occasion.

Whenever possible he wears the Old Boy tie of his public school, lest strangers should imagine that he had been less expensively educated. He is tall and lean, with a scholarly stoop and the sort of mouth designed to receive lettuce. His voice has a falsetto lilt, and his accent, although less studied than Miss Watson's, is almost as refined.

Often he patronises the smoke-room of The George, a room dedicated to the use of the gentry, although I sometimes sit in it and find that nobody has the heart to turn me out. He has quite a promising thirst for his age, although, being under doctor's orders as he explains, he is careful to touch nothing from the family brewery, but treats his mysterious ailment with a variety of interesting drinks of which gin is the greatest common factor.

FROM his own lips I learned in the course of general conversation that he considered Dorothy Watson "not a bad looker," and that he had had from her glances which many a man less modest might easily misinterpret. But he was even more interesting and instructive on the subject of Miss Watson's father.

Far beyond the Milky Highway,
Far beyond the Planets' byeway,
There are regions where love's peacefulness
exists;
But at dawn, or noon, or twilight,
There is far too vivid sky light;
'Tis the starbeams—that my heart-soul ne'er
resists!

Give me solitude—and starlight;
Give me Love—to reach the far light;
Let me wander to the Pleiades—and back;
We must travel—single-minded,
God will see no mortal's blinded
Who entrains upon His meteoric track!

It is Love that pays the fare to
Heaven's light, if we but dare to
Travel spaceward to its love-full, peaceful
day;
Travel light, and soar there gaily;
Living lives ennobled daily;
And the Great Conductor'll guard us all
the way!

KILBEE GORDON.

"Poor old blighter! He's sick to death of playing football. Getting past it, you know. He said as much to our manager. Only he can't give it up, because if he does he'll lose his job at the brickworks. We're going to find a pub for him as soon as there's a suitable vacancy. He ought to have made money. He's been with some good clubs, you know, and he ought to have had benefits, and all that. But he hasn't, because he's always found something to row about, and gone off at the end of a season or two with his tail in the air. He just doesn't give a damn for anybody."

This we all regarded as a just estimate of Watson. He was exactly the kind of man to run his head against a brick wall if he did not like the arrangement and colouring of the bricks. It was part of his nature to quarrel with all those with whom he could afford to quarrel least. He had played for three or four classical teams, and could have continued to play for any one of them had he not tried to burden himself with the duties of captain, trainer and selection committee, and could he have endured a word of criticism other than praise.

Thus, long since, he might have had a two thousand pound benefit and a public-house, and some other old war-horse might have filled his place at centre-half in our team, and fulfilled his duties as foreman at the brickworks. But the old dog got more pleasure out of growling over a meatless bone than lapping dainties off a plate, and with all his truculence and uncouthness he was somehow preferable to young Mulley.

Some of us wondered how he would get on with the brewers when he became their tenant; and now we know that we have speculated in vain, because it is common property that the Claychester Brewery Company has changed its intentions with regard to him.

The way of it was this: There was a dance at the Town Hall in aid of the local cricket club. It was one of those free and easy entertainments which are labelled "Mixed" by most superior people. The tickets were five-and-sixpence each, including refreshments—a price just high enough to keep away the rough element and not quite low

enough to exclude the Best People. Our local paper published a list of the important folk who were present, and near the top of that list was the name of Mr. Dalton Mulley.

Dalton Mulley arrived in his sports car which he parked among many others on the town square. He wore a white tie and tails, and exhibited to our unsophisticated gaze something entirely new and original in the way of waistcoat buttons; but it was soon clear that he was out for an evening of unconventional amusement. These are democratic days when princes dance with mill-girls, so there was no reason why Dalton Mulley should not follow the precedent and dance with Dorothy Watson.

Have I not mentioned that she was there? She was. That radiant vision in heliotrope, dancing with the staffs of our local banking establishments and other superior young men, was Dorothy. But after half-past ten she danced only with Dalton Mulley, and some of these dances were sat out. There are some excellent sitting-out places at our Town Hall if you know where to find them.

SHORTLY before midnight Dorothy announced that she must return home. Dalton Mulley pleaded with her. The night, he urged, was still young. Dorothy was compelled to mention her father's prejudices. "He doesn't think a naice girl ought to be out after twelve."

"He'll know you'll be all right with me," Dalton answered confidently.

The argument continued for a minute or two.

"All right," said Dalton at last, "I'll run you home."

It happened to be a very fine moonlight night. The time of the year was spring, and the air soft and warm. Once in the car, Dalton suggested that a short run out into the country would be rather nice. Dorothy thought so too, but she also thought of her father.

It was a Wednesday night. A postponed League match had been played on the Town ground that afternoon. Watson had come home tired and stiff. Quite likely he would be in bed and asleep, and she had a latch-key. Besides, would it be wise to offend Dalton Mulley who had a voice in the management of the brewery of which her father was so anxious to become a tenant? Dalton himself delicately hinted at the possibility of an impending obligation. So Dorothy, who should have known her father better, at last consented to be taken for a drive.

WATSON inhabits the middle cottage of a row of seven, which try to look like villas, and stand on the outskirts of Claychester. There are small flower gardens in front and small yards behind, all of which on Sunday mornings are redolent of cabbage-water.

To this home with its atmosphere of the coarser realities of life Dorothy returned with her escort at five minutes past three in the morning. She was wrong in supposing that her father might have gone to bed: He had sat up for her, and at every minute after

midnight a well-worn temper had grown more and more jagged. When he heard the car stop he went muttering to the door, threw it open, and walked heavily down the path. Dorothy was saying good-night to Dalton. He wasted few words on her.

"Ere," he said, "you get inside quick."

Dorothy savoured the approach of trouble.

"I'm sorry to be late, Dad," she faltered.

"You shouldn't have waited up. This is Mr. Dalton Mulley. It was a fain naight so he took me for a drive."

"I know who he is," said Watson grimly, with his slow north country drawl. "Eh, Mister, I want a word with you."

Dorothy went in rapidly and closed the door. Dalton, leaning against the coachwork of his car, was inclined to be affable.

"Hullo," he said, "you're Watson the footballer, aren't you?"

"Eh, that's me," answered Watson, approaching in his own good time.

"I used to play a bit of football at school," Dalton continued, chattily. "Ruggah, you know. But I wasn't much good. Only played for my House. Let's see, you're in for one of our pubs, aren't you?"

All that was wild and bovine in Watson's nature saw the red rag. This cub was hinting that he couldn't afford to quarrel with the son of the chief director of the brewery. Couldn't afford to quarrel! Couldn't he!

"Ere," he said in a somewhat louder tone, "to 'ell with you and your poobs! I'll tell you what you can do with your poobs! But first of all I want to know what you've been doing with my daughter, see?"

A faint note of anxiety stole into Dalton's voice.

"I met her at the dance, and afterwards we went for a bit of a drive round. Sorry if we kept you up, but she thought you'd be in bed. Didn't think you'd mind."

"Didn't think Ah'd mind! Didn't think Ah'd dare saay anything to you, because of your faather's poobs! Thought you could play fast and loose wi' my laass and hear nowt about it from me! Ye poor pup! Ye maangy, washed-out little talleyman! I've seen better men made out o' mock in a faarm-yard. And now I'll show you what I think o' you and your faather's poobs."



... if you know where to find them.



I'm twenty years' oalder and ah haven't the reaach, but put 'em up, laad, put 'em up—before ah hit first."

"Here, I say, you know!" stammered Dalton, and declined to raise his hands. At almost the same moment a blow on the nose knocked him across the bonnet of his car.

"Ah'll show you if ah want one of yer faather's poobs," said a menacing voice as he righted himself.

There followed for Dalton a brief space of time full of very uncomfortable incidents. It lasted for no more than thirty seconds, but it seemed longer to his prejudiced judgment. While Watson stood glowering over what remained of his victim, who lay prone on the pavement, the heavy step of a policeman became audible, and the flash of a bull's-eye lantern added to the illumination.

"Wot's all this about?" demanded an official voice.

Watson pointed to the wreckage at his feet.

"It's young Mulley," he explained, "and ah've been pitching into 'im. Happen he'll want to give me in chaarge."

But Dalton Mulley intended nothing of the sort. He had all the true gentleman's dislike of a scandal. He explained as much in a few well-chosen words, and accepted the

"I know who he is," said Watson grimly, with his slow North Country drawl.

help of the Law to return to his seat at the steering-wheel.

Watson watched him drive away in silence and with an expressionless face. Then he returned slowly to his cottage. He had thought of a few apt and trenchant things to say to Dorothy.

SO Watson will never get his public-house, and some of us wonder what will shortly become of him. He cannot have more than one more season's football left in his dour old body, and when he loses his place in the team he will lose his job at the brickworks. That will go to his successor in the half-back

line. But, wherever he goes and whatever he does, we have an instinct that he will keep that grim old head above water while continuing to offend all those whom he ought to placate. We know that this sturdy old fighter will go down fighting to the last, and that to the very end he will keep a sombre eye on that worthless chit of a girl of his.

THE END.

SARCOMA : A New Poem by Alan McGlashan.

She's waiting for my visit eagerly,
Propped on her elbow, smiling, tense. Her eyes
Are bright with hope—with confidence in me;
Yet, as I near her bed, I see a trace
Of doubt in them. God knows what she describes
Of Life or Death in my schooled, lying face.

'Why, Doctor, I feel better now; indeed,
But for this queer hard lump—"she scans the mask
Of my trained features vainly. "Do I need
To stay in hospital through Christmas week?
Can't I leave here?" she asks—and her eyes ask
That other question which she dares not speak.

Then I—watching blind Death like a busy mole
Burrowing beneath that queer hard lump—smile back
With treacherous assurance; from my soul
Loathing this hideous skill, that cannot save,
Yet throws hope-withering light upon the track,
Pitilessly discovering—the grave.

I smile, and murmur, "Yes, we'll get you home,
If—" echoes through the long, green, sunlit ward
Her clear, delighted laugh at that word "home" . . .
Unceasingly through all my after years,
Like the faint music in a sea-shell stored
That laugh will go on ringing in my ears.

What's WRONG With ENGLAND?

A Symposium of Readers' Views

VERY LITTLE.

THERE is so much superficial thinking going on just now, so much thinking in the present without relation to the past, that one is not surprised when the question is asked "What's wrong with England?"

If we continue to think in the present we will most certainly persuade ourselves that there is a great deal wrong with England. But if, when we think of the present state of England, we will keep in mind its relation to the past, I think we will find plenty of evidence to convince us that there is really not much wrong with England, other than that she is labouring out of a period, which anybody who thought at all seriously about the matter knew perfectly well she would have to go through after the thorough shaking up she experienced during the war in every department of our national life.

Let us see if we can find how we are faring in this process of working back to a new normal level of things. During the war this country was transformed from the world's workshop into a munitions factory. We were obliged to concentrate on destructive rather than constructive work.

While we were so engaged our non-combatant trade competitors had the chance of their lives, and lost no time in taking full advantage of it. So that when the war ended we found ourselves confronted with the stiffest task the Old Country has probably ever had to tackle—namely, the reorganising and building up of our national and industrial life.

What progress have we made? Shortly after the war ended we were told that the financial centre of the world had shifted from London to New York. To-day it is back in London. Our shipping was threatened by the subsidised ships of America. If at any time our shipowners were worried by this competition they are certainly not to-day. We know where we stand in regard to rubber and artificial silk; shipbuilding is now definitely on the up grade. In the making of motor cars, cheap and otherwise, our recovery is simply astounding. We have built thousands of houses—many huge new buildings replace old ones in London and similar building activity is noticeable in most of the large industrial centres. This does not sound as if there is really much wrong with us.

Now, how do we stand in regard to the most important aspect of our national life—namely, the spiritual side? Many of our leaders in this realm write and speak in a most pessimistic manner. In my opinion there is no justification for so doing. Church attendance is said to be poor. I am not convinced that it is so generally. But if it is, is it a sure guide as to the heart of the people? I don't think so. Thanks to broadcasting thousands of people are hearing good, sound, helpful talks now that never heard anything of the kind before.

No country has done and spent more than England to promote the work of the League of Nations. Before the war if one travelled abroad it was pleasing to find that we were held in high respect. This feeling of respect for us is possibly stronger now than it ever was. Why? It can't be because we are rolling in money. Nor do I think it is

In response to our invitation to our readers to answer the question, "What's Wrong With England?" we have received a very large number of replies. We publish a final selection of opinions on the subject.

because we are regarded as expert wielders of the big stick. Is not the explanation to be found in that we have earned for ourselves the reputation of being a straight-going, fair-minded people? Surely, then, sympathy, patience, long-suffering, modesty, honesty, and the desire for peace are to be counted among the virtues.—JAMES GRAY.

THE POPULAR VOTE.

IN three words—"the popular vote." Hitherto no nation has survived for long when once its rulers have got themselves into the position of ruling on sufferance. On the other hand, all have been at their zenith either during, or in the centuries immediately following, the rule of a despot, before the populace has fully awakened to the power of numbers.

To expect the popular vote to place in power the prudent philosopher who "shows the steep and thorny path to Heaven" when there is another fellow round the corner painting in flowery language the delights of the "primrose path" is to expect grapes from thorns. The present Government (one that made no extravagant promises) is no stultification of this argument, for it owed its huge majority to fright on the part of the electorate, and would never have come into power at all if its leader had not shed his most cherished conviction—Protection; nor would it have had a chance of coming into power again this year but for the "socialistic" legislation of the past five years so bitterly condemned by many of its supporters.

Rulers under these conditions do not, and cannot, govern. The most that the best can do (and in the best justice must include Mr. Baldwin's Government) is to give to the populace such small doses of sweet poison as may satisfy it for the moment and yet not kill the country. But the doses have (like most drugs) to be increased.

TOO LITTLE POLITICAL INTEREST.

A GOOD deal too much talk is wasted nowadays on "Inefficient Government," "Too Much Bureaucracy," "An Unprogressive Church," and such-like slogans, which, having been the causes of crises in the past, are fondly believed to be at the root of troubles in the present. I don't mean that what is said is false: it probably isn't. But we seem to forget that, after all, it depends on us, the nation, how things move.

Do we take the lively interest in politics that we ought to? Do you, paterfamilias, really think about the problems of our government? No, not as you ought! You earn your family's food, comforts, and pleasures, and for the rest take a just pride in the results. Do you, the eldest son, really care about politics? No! You are content and willing to earn your living, and then

tennis, or whatever it may be! No one blames you.

Energy, all through the nation, that is what we want! Not only at election time, but always. Otherwise the equally good fate of Rome will overtake us, where one man, a handful of officials, and an army, governed the whole Mediterranean world for nearly five centuries. And never was such glorious peace in this world.—ROBERT FISHER.

APATHY; THE WAR; CRITICISM.

APATHY; the War; Individualism v. Socialism; Criticism, with consequent destruction of all ideals. These are our chief faults. We are living on the reputation earned by the hard work and initiative of previous generations of Englishmen. Even now that we realise that we are no longer the workshop of the world, and that some of our former customers are now competitors, we seem unable to rouse ourselves from lethargy. Imitation of the tempestuous methods of America is unnecessary, but that we make the best goods in the world is not sufficient: we must sell them; hence we must eradicate the arrogant "take them or leave them" spirit. We must be more assiduous to the demands of our customers, for, even if an article is satisfactory for home use, it does not necessarily follow that it will be suitable for all our customers.

That England became prosperous and powerful whilst a Free Trade country is no justification for a continuance of a policy which every other country is so decisively demonstrating to us to be inane, suicidal. Cobden's aphorism, "the more we import the better off we are," must be accepted, even by the most hardened of hardened Free Traders, as fallacious, unless, of course, if, by better off, they mean that we shall have less work to do. Free Trade is effete.

Individualism is at present waging a tremendously hard war with the seductive ideals of Socialism. The time is propitious for this hankering after the millenium in our time for, with such a great tragedy as unemployment so rife, a Socialistic régime appears so humanitarian, especially when contrasted with the Capitalistic cruelties, where some are so poor and others (less deserving of so many smiles from fortune) are so rich. Under Socialism the only difference will be that we shall all be equally wealthy or, to be more punctilious, equally poor; and then everyone will be satisfied. This fairy grandmother waves her wand—Presto! Utopia appears, permanent work at high wages, pensions at 60, and no more work.

This is the age of criticism, and nothing is too sacred for the brilliant illuminati ruthlessly to strip (just to prevent us from becoming too complacent!) Marriage is mocked at, the Church and State derided, and mud slung at the honour of past notabilities whom we had been quite content to regard as famous. The people, following blindly, must, to escape the sharpest of weapons, ridicule, affect to destroy every semblance of sentiment, for, not to do so, means that all the horror of Victorian prudery is heaped upon the victim's head. To replace this cant we have installed nude, naked candour: pleasure is the predominant god.—REM ACU TETIGISTI.



The Supreme Beverage for Health and Vigour

THE supremacy of "Ovaltine" is unquestionable. "Ovaltine" is not a mere haphazard mixture of different food ingredients. It is the successful result of years of patient research by eminent scientists and chemists.

Their aim was to supply a long-felt need—a food that would maintain the nutrition of the body on the highest possible level. The result is "Ovaltine"—in which every element essential to the maintenance of mental and physical fitness is correctly proportioned and perfectly blended.

The ingredients of "Ovaltine" are acknowledged to be the best that Nature can provide—Malt, Milk, Eggs and Cocoa. The health-giving nourishment they so richly supply is extracted, concentrated and presented as a delicious food beverage.

Every particle of "Ovaltine" is nourishment. One cupful contains more nutriment than 3 eggs. Not only is it easily and completely digested, but it aids the digestion of several times its weight of ordinary food.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and Northern Ireland, 1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

WOMAN'S SECTION

Edited by Julia Cairns

THE English Home—using the word "English" in its British sense—has from time immemorial stood for all that is highest and best in home-lore. And as each Ideal Home Exhibition comes round, is it therefore surprising that women welcome it with genuine enthusiasm?



A CHARMING bedroom, this. The walls and woodwork, together with the furniture, are painted in a rich shade of antique ivory, while the floor is fitted cosily to the skirting with a thick Saxony-pile carpet in a shade of beige, which harmonises to perfection, thus forming a restful interior and one whose background is sufficiently neutral to admit of the introduction of additional colour. The moulding of the woodwork is then "picked out" in a soft willow-green which shades off into periwinkle blue and that again into the palest apple-blossom pink, re-echoing as it were the colour thoughts of the delightfully tinted flower motifs that afford such picturesque relief to the ivory

tinted furniture. The long graceful curtains are of ivory taffeta shot with willow-green, and likewise the bedspread and loose-covers, but there are pipings and strappings of willow-green which, while happy in maintaining the colour-harmony, are quick to welcome a colour-accidental in the form of a sapphire blue day-pillow, which again emphasises the sapphire blue glass-framed mirror over the marble mantelpiece. . . . And remember, . . . a similar and less expensive scheme could be interpreted in terms of plain painted furniture, hair-cord carpet and furnishing fabrics of fadeless casement cloth or fadeless linen.



"The Piper—Morning," an inlaid wood panel, set in a hand-carved frame. (Rowley, of Kensington.)

EACH year as it recurs, the Ideal Home Exhibition held at Olympia comes to mean more and more to the home-maker. Not only does it stimulate home-love and home-interest; it does more, for it registers progress generally—progress of good taste, of comfort, of efficiency, of hygiene, of ingenuity—and brings together the perfected achievements of the manufacturer and artist designer, who rightly and readily display their goods in friendly competition before the individual home-lover.

BEDROOMS THROUGH THE AGES.

THIS year, opening on February 26th, the Exhibition reaches its majority, and I doubt whether during any of its previous successes it has ever achieved quite so much as is promised in commemoration of its twenty-first anniversary.

One feature which will arrest the attention of all is a series of interiors entitled "Bedrooms Through the Ages." This will include replicas of ancient Greek, Egyptian, Florentine, French Provincial and Modernist bedrooms, which will contrast strikingly with a "cave" bedroom of primitive man and another typifying a bedroom of the Victorian era!

Again, I feel that considerable interest will surround another feature, "My Ideal Room"—a series of studios and workrooms designed by such well-known personalities as Lady Londonderry, Lady Oxford, Sir William Orpen, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane and Mr. Edmund Dulac. And who shall say these may not strike a very different note from yet another drawing room—a replica of a William Morris drawing room?

Brevity is not easy when anything of such absorbing interest as the Ideal Home Exhibition is under consideration, but in addition I must mention the magnificent electric fountain which will play in ever-changing colours from the depths of a flower-decked bowl. And talking of flowers—"Gardens of Sunny Hours" in the Annexe will, if possible, even surpass the exquisite garden exhibits of other years.

Ideal Homes at Olympia

By THE WOMAN EDITOR

Being a brief review of the Ideal Home Exhibition in general, with a short description of some of the outstanding exhibits.

"VILLAGE OF WELCOME IN."

IN the New Hall will be found the "Village of Welcome In," comprising seven full-sized houses, all equipped and furnished, a week-end bungalow built of brick, an interesting £1,500 house, constructed in concrete, as well as two examples of flats, one of which will make a very definite appeal to the "bachelor" girl. And while in the Housing Section an essentially interesting dairy farm,

woodwork, whether it be with an idea of reviving old furniture, or whether it be with an idea of decorating certain of the lesser accessories which, even so, play a very important part in the home to-day.

Take Stand 77, Ground Floor, Main Hall, for instance. Here you have a stand specially designed to show the compelling features of Paripan enamel, glossy and flat (dull), which has maintained a high reputation over many years for quality, durability and

washability, whether used for walls, ceilings, woodwork and any other surface.

The panels shown demonstrate other well-known products of this company, including cellulose finishes, varnishes, water-paint, hard gloss paint, cheaper enamels, paints, varnishes, distemper and paints for every purpose where price is a consideration and yet where quality and fine finish are essential. Attention is also drawn to the special Paripan cleaner and polisher, which is not only being appreciated to-day by many private users, but also by hospital authorities.

The interesting and attractive exhibit of the Walpamur Company (Stand 76, Ground Floor, Main Hall), promises alike with

other years to be extremely popular.

An entirely new and original idea has been carried into effect in designing and building this stand, since for the first time the public will be able to see within a comparatively small space a complete decorative scheme for every room in the house, in addition to a suggested treatment for the exterior. This latter is being treated with



For the Nursery—a "Heaped" Fire supplemented with amusing hand-made nursery tiles. (Bratt Colbran.)

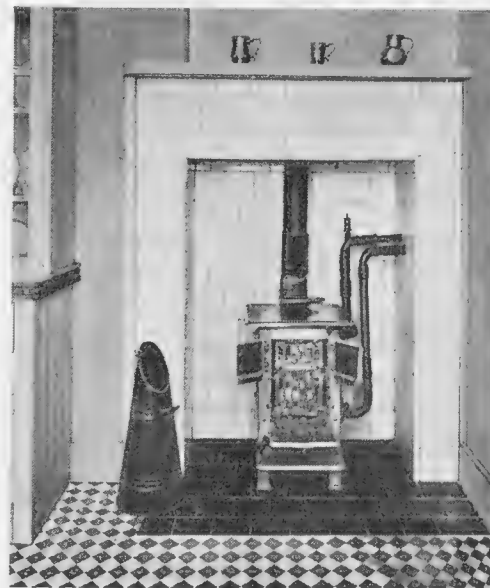


Here a Heaped fire burns brightly in its somewhat classical setting of woodwork and marble. (Bratt Colbran.)

with its hourly demonstrations in the art of cheese, butter and jam-making, cannot fail to attract any and every woman, do not forget that in the west-end of the Main Hall will be found a magnificent display of our Empire products sponsored, of course, by the Empire Marketing Board.

INTERIOR DECORATION.

FOLLOWING the example set by other years, there are quite a number of exhibits devoted entirely to the interests of interior decoration. Modern woman knows the value of the cleverly-wielded paint-brush and therefore all these exhibits will make a very direct appeal to her receptive mind, whether it be painting from the point of view of walls and



The recess once occupied by an ordinary kitchen range has been transformed adroitly into a home for this "Glow-worm" model. Anthracite Radiation, Ltd.

Instone—a new imitation stone paint—and a special enamel paint, both of which are specially manufactured to stand the most rigorous atmospheric conditions.

As for within, a main corridor is being erected in the centre of the stand, and from this nine rooms have been built in miniature, each room complete with its own decorative scheme, which not only produces a charming effect, but also ensures that the paints selected possess special characteristics suitable for the particular room in which they are used.

It is, indeed, difficult to say which part of the stand is the most attractive—the interior with such a range of rooms showing many soft and charming colours; the outside with a practical scheme combining brightness, durability, and decorative effect, or the side-entrance showing how this reliable water paint can now be used to obtain either high or low relief effects by the most simple and inexpensive process.



Below is an attractive painted bed supplemented with raised ornament designed by Maurice Adams.

THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

ANOTHER exhibit which cannot fail to appeal to every home-lover is that of Messrs. Jenson and Nicholson, whose stand is devoted to the display of many commonplace articles such as candlesticks, chairs, jars, vases, etc., which with the aid of Robbialac enamel and brushing Robbialoid, the new cellulose finish, have been transformed in the most attractive looking furnishing accessories.

There is an added interest, too, since a number of demonstrators will show what a simple yet fascinating task it is to go round the household possessions with paint-pot and brush! The articles treated during the demonstrations will give many suggestions as to how the most ordinary objects can be given a further lease of life—and a far more interesting life, too.

FURNISHING INTEREST.

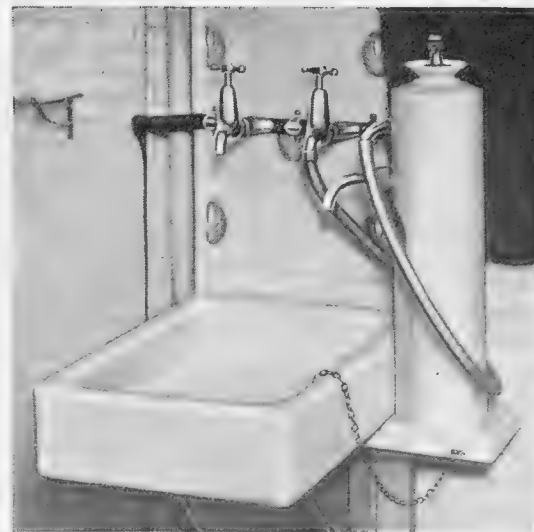
WERE you told that the one-floor homes of the future would probably favour rooms shaped like elongated octagons linked together with squarish halls and corridors, off

which would lead your bedrooms, your bathroom and an additional sitting-room, all of which would become quadrilateral in shape, you might be inclined to feel that you yourself would eventually end up in a sort of geometric maze. But, let me assure you, your end would be a far happier one. That is, if you planned your one-floor home with the same ingenuity and adroitness, the same furnishing sense and colour charm which is evidenced in the exhibit of Messrs. Shoolbred. The whole of the stand expresses what might be described as the "commercial-modernist" character, that is, keeping more or less to the modern lines but avoiding the *outré* and superlatively exaggerated style—in other words, adapting modernist tendencies of style into sane commercial propositions. And in order to appreciate what this means, you must not miss this exhibit.

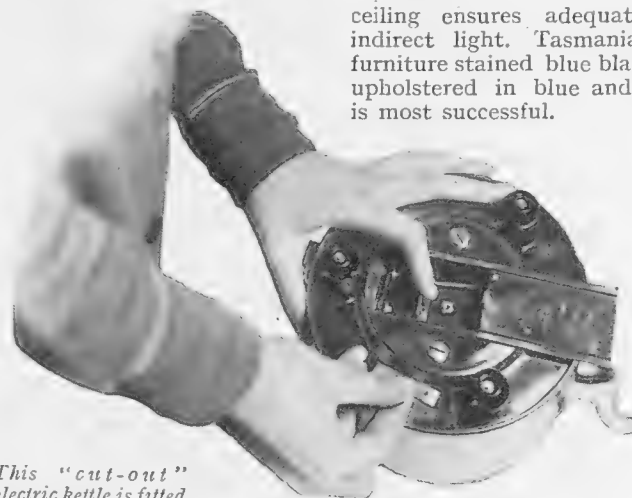
You must make friends with its quaint semi-octagonal entrance, pass through to its neat hall with its walls and furniture matching—in unpolished oak; leading off from one side is the bathroom, its walls treated in a silver and black washable medium, with hexagonal pilasters at either end of the bath, in opal glass lighted behind, the bath and fitted basin in a delightful shade of greenish-blue are effectively emphasised by the black floor. Then, off the opposite side of the hall you will discover a small sitting room with furniture in lined oak, which is seen to admirable advantage against walls papered with a modernist design in green and blue.

You must then pass on to the dining-room which assumes something of an elongated octagonal shape, and is of particular interest from the point of view of carefully obscured lighting. The walls and ceiling are in African Gaboon mahogany, the former being panelled, the latter being arranged in steps in order to offset the lighting.

The furniture is of mahogany, the dining table and carpet following the octagonal line of the room. Passing through a corridor with bedrooms planned on either side, you will find yourself in the lounge, whose walls are treated with emerald green cellulose panels, while a recess is lined with gold paper and effectively lighted.



"Comfort and still more comfort" is our constant demand to-day, so why not introduce this inexpensive water softener in your home? Electrolux.



This "cut-out" electric kettle is fitted with a simple device which eliminates the risk of the kettle boiling dry. G.E.C.

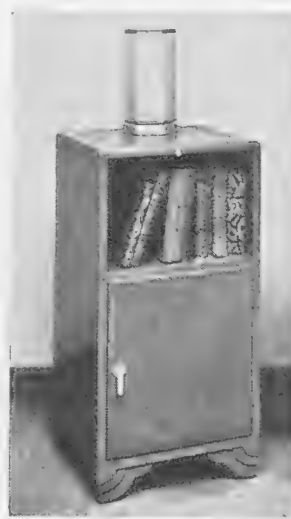
THE bedrooms, too, will justly claim as much attention as any of the other interiors. For instance, in the case of one, the walls have been treated with plywood and this silvered, which is most artistic in its effect. The furniture in this case is finished with purple cellulose, against which the emerald green handles, fittings and furnishings give a rather delightful scheme. Here, again, the lighting plays a very important part, and I think—to many visitors—not a minor point of interest will be the ingenious bedside lamps, which, of course, again suggest the modernist school.

But there are many, I am sure, who will unhesitatingly admire the less arresting scheme as shown in one of the other bedrooms. Here will be found beautifully designed and well-finished twentieth-century furniture carried out in hemlock, with handles, etc., in dark ivory.

Similarly, again, you will find the modernist bedside lamps.



The occasional table above, in jade and silver-gilt, strikes a modern note. Rowley.



—And here, too, the spirit of to-day is expressed in this simple bedside cabinet. Rowley

FABRICS—from the luxuriantly-piled carpet with its characteristic Persian designs to the most inexpensive of cretonnes and chintzes—fabrics in the widest interpretation of the word, play a vitally important part in the matter of modern furnishing. For this reason, therefore, Stand No. 50, Ground Floor, Main Hall—the exhibit of Messrs. Marshall Roberts, Ltd.—is certain to prove of interest to women visitors. Here, a delightful collection of the newest patterns and colourings in cretonnes, casement cloths, and carpets will be found. Offered at exceptionally low prices will be floral and conventional designed cretonnes, including the latest Cepea reversible unfadeable patterns, which are eminently suitable for blinds and curtains.

In addition to a display of the well-known "Solprufe" dyed unfadeable casement cloths, there is to be a large selection of Wilton and Axminster carpets, some of which include authentic reproductions of Persian designs and colourings. Note, too, that all goods exhibited on this stand are guaranteed to be of British manufacture.

Another furnishing exhibit of outstanding interest is that of Maurice Adams, Ltd., Stand No. 30, Ground Floor, Main Hall. It represents a decorated room exhibiting an individual form of interior decoration, which has been evolved in keeping with the well-known Maurice Adams style of furniture: it is expressed by means of panelled walls with a ceiling enriched in raised ornament, the latter being finished with silver leaf.

The furniture consists of some new designs,



The Grosvenor dining table in walnut is one of the many interesting specimens of modern craftsmanship exhibited by Maurice Adams.

NEXT WEEK.

This survey of the Ideal Home Exhibition will be continued, special attention being given to DOMESTIC EQUIPMENT, HEATING, LIGHTING & COOKING.

two pieces of which are illustrated on these pages—the one a fascinating new design in a painted bed supplemented with raised ornament, the other an exceptionally fine Grosvenor dining-table in burr walnut. Besides these are other equally exquisite pieces (*exquisite* is a true description to apply to Maurice Adams pieces—truth devoid of exaggeration).

One, of outstanding interest, is the new "Carlton" wardrobe, which has taken over six months to make. It is veneered with magnificent figured burr walnut; it has no mouldings,

and every surface is curved. It is a particularly striking example of the art of the really clever designer and craftsman of to-day, and when it is seen how its curved surfaces develop and meet (particularly in the centre portion, which has an open compartment above the curved fronted set of drawers) it is doubtful whether ever again we shall be tempted to ignore the artistry and craftsmanship significant of our own century.

IN THE "SURPRISE" ROOM.

AND then, which of us are not rather partial to surprises, especially pleasant surprises? Well, you will find a very intriguing "Surprise Room," forming part of the exhibit of Rowley, of Kensington. The reason why it is so named is on account of the fact that each piece of furniture in it will have combined uses, and be equally suitable for a sitting-room or a bed-room. For example, what appears to be merely a set of bookshelves with a cupboard above when opened on its strong hinges will reveal an ample size wardrobe and full-length dressing glass.

Another, is a chest of sliding trays enclosed by doors, which, turned round (quite easy, this, on its rubber-tyred casters), will reveal an efficient writing bureau. A further fascinating feature of this "Surprise Room" is that its scheme changes with its pieces—so that the predominating colour in one room will be silver-gilt, whilst the other will be jade.

In addition, there will be a lounge showing modern upholstered furniture with panelled walls, an extensive range of modern mirrors and several examples of Rowlian coloured lacquer and silver furniture.

The PERFECT FIRE for the LIVING ROOM

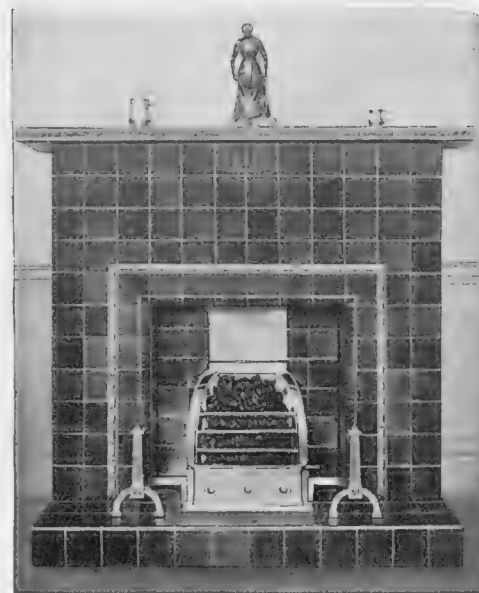
The brilliant glow, the warmth of a Glow-Worm Anthracite Open Fire! Steadily burning hour after hour, perfectly clear, entirely without smoke, almost without ash, and ventilating as it burns, a Glow-Worm Open Fire cannot be beaten for cheeriness, cleanliness and comfort.

GLOW-WORM

OPEN Anthracite FIRE

The Glow-Worm Open Fire is perfectly safe (Anthracite never splutters or flies) and can be left unattended for hours on end—and all the time its warm radiating beams penetrate to the farthest corner of the room.

Glow-Worm Open Fires will be exhibited at the Ideal Home Exhibition, Olympia, London (February 26—March 23). Meantime you are invited to write for illustrated booklet to Dept. B.17. Working models always on view at 5, Newman Street, W.1.



Glow-Worm Open Anthracite Fires fit into almost any fire-place, need no fixing and can be moved about from room to room if required. The system of ventilation is perfect.

ANTHRACITE RADIATION LTD.

Incorporating The London Warming Co., Ltd., and Glow-Worm Boiler and Fire Co., Ltd.

(Dept. B.17) **5, NEWMAN ST., Oxford St., LONDON, W.1.**

On SEEING over the House



GLADYS PETO.

"... How Penelope adores to exhibit each gay room."

It used to be "Won't you walk into my parlour?"... but now, Mistress 1929 says "Won't you come and see my home?"

By Gladys Peto

provided—the easy chair, the gas stove, and the gay chintz curtains.

Oh, *can* it be that the parent of Penelope was really in her secret soul ashamed of the dreary house she had before, and that is why it was never flung open to the casual guest?

THE SAD OLD DAYS.

AND every female creature craves for ever to see over the house. It is, perhaps, that the idea becomes firmly established in our nursery days when all the front of the doll's house opens all at once. And displays the doll's home life for all to see. Twenty years ago this quite natural desire had to be satisfied somehow. So women clutching orders to view firmly in their hands went off to every household auction sale. Free at last to poke their curious noses into their neighbours' sanctified untrodden homes.

Oh, dreary hours we spent when we were young. Small be-socked legs followed our inquisitive parents from room to room. Such sad places were these dismantled houses... the life all gone away, but such pathetic little personal things remaining... the dog's wicker basket or the baby's bed...

"This must be where the old gentleman died" ghoulish aunts would say in some sunless bedroom... "that's the bronchitis kettle..."

It is true we visit such sales to-day and prod at mattresses with the best. But only to search for some possible bargain. Not to satisfy our curiosity. For that is more than satisfied already when a brightly conducted tour of the gay little home terminates every tea party.

This generation, lacking self-consciousness, hasten to show their friends their latest discovery in labour-saving appliances and descendant at length on a new colour scheme, not to excite envy, but so that others can go and do likewise. It is in the spirit of *camaraderie* that they open their dolls' houses all at once; they are 'house-proud' in the best sense of the word.

IT was nearly twenty years ago. And Penelope was in disgrace most dire.

She rubbed one foot against another and tossed back the ribbon-tied plaits that dangled over either shoulder.

"Quite a strange little girl," said Penelope's female parent stitching furiously—"and you take her all over the house—even into the attics I heard you go... a strange little girl... and I don't even know her mother... I never *dream* of taking people over the house, they would think it most surprising and odd... I shall never let you have this Margaret to tea with you again..."

For Penelope's mamma had a Victorian mind. Her rather stuffy bedroom with its brass be-canopied bed, her dark basement kitchens, her dim attics up their imperfectly carpeted stairs, where she harboured unwanted odds and ends, were secret inviolate castles. Perhaps she hated them, for she never displayed them to anyone at all.

PENELOPE'S PRIDE AND MOTHER'S, TOO.

NEARLY twenty years have slipped away. And Penelope has a gay flat of her own. Converted, I declare, from the secret attics of someone else's Victorian mamma. How Penelope adores to exhibit each gay room, not only to Margaret, the friend of her schooldays, but to every casual caller. Even before the stranger lady who brings back the lost puppy, the proud Penelope *spreads* her sun-washed rooms.

And the mother of Penelope—she has suffered a change of spirit also. A change of spirit and a complete change of manner. Her little pleasant suburban cottage is for ever on view.

"Perhaps you'd like to see over my little house?" she says to every single stray visitor. And off they go upon their tour of admiration. She almost *flaunts* the kitchen—so proud is she—that the stranger lady may observe the very latest thing in gas cookers...

Even into the maid's room they peep, for the housewife wishes to show off the comfortable room with which her faithful Bertha is



GLADYS PETO.

"... and prod at mattresses with the best."

For Men must *Work* and Women must

NOW that women enjoy equality with men they must give up the feminine habit of attempting to eat their own cake and someone else's as well It is to their advantage to emulate the methods of mankind, instead of his morals, his haircut and his slang

By

Rosita
Forbes



A woman used to be primarily a wife or a mother. Now she is a barrister, doctor, novelist, M.P., or like Miss Elizabeth Robinson (shown above), a champion runner as well as an efficient secretary.

WELL, what must they do? Not weep, certainly. The first time woman weeps, man offers her the Moon, with a capital M; the second time a box of chocolates; and the third time he walks out of the room. No modern male can stand the permanently damp atmosphere to which, apparently, the Victorians were accustomed, since to be able to weep frequently and becomingly was the chief feminine weapon of the last century.

Nowadays there is really nothing to weep about, except that we've got what we wanted, and wanting is always so much more fun than getting! We've got "this freedom," which is proving as prickly as a porcupine's quills, and it only remains to be seen what we're going to make of it.

But the freedom is an established fact; and, presumably, the women of the next generation will regard a job or a career in the same light as does a man.

To them, work will be a normal sequence to college or technical education, and they will think no more of it than does the average plumber or engineer!

In our own in-between generation, when women's work is still in the nature of an achievement rather than a commonplace necessity, one might justifiably modify the Byronic couplet: "Work is of man's life a thing apart. 'Tis woman's whole existence." There is more than a modicum of truth in this, for women can't get away from their work in the way that men do.

The reproach that used to be levelled at the harassed housewife and mother—that she was so immersed in feeding-bottles, sewing baskets, and general domesticity that she had no time or taste for anything else—might well be transferred to the new woman-worker, only in her case, in-



Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the well-known explorer, author and lecturer, who has proved that there are few things a woman can't do just as well as a man.

stead of kitchen and nursery utensils, the impedimenta from which she cannot mentally free herself would be type-writers, agenda, and committee meetings!

WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE.

WOMEN, on the whole, take their jobs as seriously as men; but, apparently, they have not the same power of concentrating on their work for eight or ten hours and then putting it out of their minds. A woman's work is always with her. It faces her across the dinner table and she dreams of it at night.

When it is a question of a career rather than just employment, she is too conscientious about her work to forget it for a moment. Take as an instance the many hospitals and nursing homes run entirely by women. Every worker in them is supposed to be so absorbed in her job that she has no thought, no life, and no individuality outside it. This is not in the least the case with the male element in a hospital. When they have finished working, they manage to do any number of other things as thoroughly and effectively.

The standard of self-sacrifice demanded of the woman worker is, sub-consciously perhaps, very much higher than that to which mankind has accustomed his employers.

Women have been trained in the hard school of personal or public secretaryships, and it would not be too much to say that departmental England is based on the desks of her secretaries!

The average private secretary is not only the right hand of his or her employer, but his memory, his conscience, and two-thirds of his public appearance as well! It seems to me that there could be no higher code of service than that of the average female secretary, efficient and informed beyond the capacity of the principal she serves, but content to remain in the background, while he makes use of her brains, her application, and her genius for detail.

HARDER WORKERS THAN MEN.

IT is by such a code that to-day's women workers have been trained, be it for commercial arena, for Westminster, or Fleet Street. From the very beginning more has been expected of them than of their masculine competitors.

Nichols of Regent Street

Spring catalogues available on application.

Double and Single Breasted Costumes in Plain and Fancy Suitings.

6 GNS.

H. J. NICOLL & CO. Ltd.
120 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

When a youth goes up to Oxford, he may idle through several agreeable years and leave his *Alma Mater* perfected only in the sort of scepticism which is fashionable among modern undergraduates.

If he be of the post-war generation, which grew up to find the world more or less in ruins and all the old standards overthrown, he will probably be content to stand aside, a careless critic of life, ready enough to work but without any particular object, willing enough to fight but unconvinced of the issue.

The girl who works her way into college does it by sheer brain power. There are so few vacancies, and for these there is so much competition, that no "undergraduate" has a chance of getting to Oxford, and still less of remaining there, unless she is up to scholarship standard. She goes to the university to work, and when she leaves it, her career is the main, if not the only, thing in her mind.

A man, after all, is primarily no more and no less than a man! It would be possible to travel with him from one end of England to the other without discovering his occupation, but I doubt if one could sit next to a "Woman-with-a-Career" during the six courses of a public dinner without being told all about it.

THE CONSTRUCTIVE ELEMENT.

A WOMAN used primarily to be a wife or a mother, and long afterwards a primitive female creature. Now she is a barrister, a doctor, a novelist, or a county councillor, and after that, when she has time to remember it, a woman.

In fact, she is not really modern. She can't be as sceptical of life and work and her part in both as the average youth, be he clerk or undergraduate. Throughout the ages she has been the constructive element in a world periodically destroyed by men's unfocused passions. Her body has always been a temple for the regeneration of species, and of her brain she is liable to make an altar.

The average man works as unquestionably, or with as much grumbling, as he eats his breakfast and reads the sporting news; but a woman works best when it is for an object, a

creed, or a person. She works to justify something in herself. Perhaps it is merely an inferiority complex. We are, at the moment, on trial.

A man is allowed certain lapses, because it is taken for granted that, being of the masculine gender, he is, of necessity, capable of being a first-rate politician or diplomat, salesman or advertising agent, but if a woman fails to be always at her very best as far as her work is concerned, her superiors are apt to shrug their shoulders and make allowances for her on the ground that she is, after all, only a woman, and not because she's got flu or a pain in her middle just as a man might have!

In politics woman has won for herself equal rights.

Has she in marriage, too?

Read Marjorie Lawrence's absorbingly interesting article in the next issue of BRITANNIA.

HAVING THE CAKE AND EATING IT.

IF there is to be a genuine equality between the sexes, men must stop making allowances for the wrong reasons, and women must give up that pleasant feminine habit of trying to eat their own cake and someone else's as well. "Men must work," and if women are not to weep for something worse than the "whimsies" of Victorianism, they had better begin to emulate the methods of mankind, instead of his morals, his hair-cut, and his slang.



As girls, they play with strength and skill almost every kind of game which develops resource and independence. When they grow up they become the keen competitors of men.

A jury recently awarded £1,600 damages for breach of promise to a girl clerk, who worked in the same office and earned approximately the same wages as the male clerk to whom she was engaged. Where, in heaven's name, is sex equality when such an obsolete judgment can be given?

By what right, human or divine, can a girl claim the fulfilment of a promise whose existence presupposes a state of mutual love? When the love fails on one side or the other, what possible reason can there be for the carrying out of the engagement?

The plaintiff in this case was typical of the hundreds of young women who want to eat their cake by working on the same terms as men, and at the same time to have it as an insurance against future want, by forcing upon the male a responsibility which ought no longer to exist. If women are capable of earning their own living, under no circumstances but that of a joint parenthood ought they to be able to claim it from mankind.

THEY CAN LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES.

THE present situation is utterly illogical. To-day "men must work" harder than



"With this ring I thee wed . . ." but Sally Blane, the film actress, looks at it rather critically, as she agreed not to wear one for five years!

they've ever done before, because girls are undercutting them at every point in the labour market, and at the same time they must shoulder responsibilities which were out of date as soon as women became their competitors. There should be no breach of promise in a world where the average girl is as capable of earning her living as the youth to whom, with full knowledge of what it means, she gets engaged; and there should be no alimony for the childless wife of a working man, for she is as capable of getting a job as the man whom she considers too bad to live with, but quite good enough to live on.

"If men must work and women must"—emulate them, let us, at least, do it thoroughly. Where we claim rights, let's have done with privileges. And that should be the end of this sex antagonism which is still a barrier (logical and consistent as long as we want our own cake and a masculine slice as well!) to feminine progress.



A woman's nerves are as good as a man's, and her love of speed is just as great as his. As a motor cyclist few men can teach her anything.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING



These East Winds need not worry you, if you are careful about powder. Ordinary powder dries the pores and makes the skin rough. Now in this cold weather you must use Papier Poudre. The dainty absorbent leaves cleanse the pores thoroughly, and you simply cannot overpowder.

Obtainable at all Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores in Rachel, Rose (Naturelle), White & Sunburn Tints at 4d., 8d., & 1/4 per book. Poppoea Lipstick for Cupid's Bow. In four fashionable shades. 1/6 each in dainty gift case. Poppoea Rouge leaves in two shades, light or brunette, 6d. per book of 24 leaves.

PAPIER POUDRE

Sole Manufacturers:—
PAPIER POUDRE LTD., 46, Baker Street, London, W.1

Your Dress

in Relation to

Your Home

"..... And her tea-gown of orchid-shaded chiffon contrasted delicately, though definitely, with the soft Adam-green panelling of the drawing-room."

Such was part of the description of an afternoon reception, which aptly strikes the keynote chosen for our fashion article this week—the subject of dress in relation to the home.

Every 'thinking woman' takes an intelligent interest in her home from the first brush of paint on the walls to the last flower-blossom on the dinner table. We scheme out our colours, and plan our schemes with an almost hitherto unparalleled precision, down to the veriest detail, with the natural consequence that this question of dress has perforce to come into line. For which reason, the discriminating woman of to-day regards her home as a background for her gowns—and therefore chooses them, giving all the while carefully cal-

Every well-dressed Woman to-day, realises that She and her Home should compose like a beautiful picture, colour, line and style each demanding relative consideration.



A simple house-frock that will look particularly charming against a background of pale yellow or green, or any neutral shade. The pleated skirt is made of black satin and the jumper of yellow woven silk is slightly pouched over the widish belt. (Worth.)



Geranium-red georgette will always have a suitable background in the modern decorative scheme in which black or buff plays a premier part, and the garnet corsage ornament and necklet pick up delightfully the colour of the frock. (Reville.)



The two-piece above is of black triple-shrunk Jersey cloth, the belt being lemon-coloured, likewise the motif on the jumper and the fringed end of the new one-sided scarf. (Worth.)

culated regard to style, colour and line.

And this, happily for us all, applies just as much to the tiny maisonette or flat in the suburbs—to the small villa in the provinces, as to the more sophisticated homes of Mayfair. I reiterate, happily, because to-day, good taste is no longer the sole prerogative of the unlimited purse. Indeed, it is often more readily detected in the simple home, where every penny has to be considered, than elsewhere, where thousands may be unthinkingly expended.

TO quote an example. The scene was in one of the large West-End stores. A neat little figure entered, and asked to see some inexpensive evening-gowns. "I want either a soft periwinkle blue, a pale lettuce green, or a delicate coral pink," she asserted—and most definitely added, "You see my drawing-room is decorated mainly in ivory and petunia, with cushions and other accessories in these shades. My dining-room is in antique ivory and amethyst, so that either of the shades I have asked for will be happy there, too."

She *knew* what she wanted, which, after all, is the first step to *getting* what she wanted, and, having got it, she is, I feel sure, the sort of person of whom the world says, "She's a wonderful dresser! Always looks a picture!" Which is only what you and I and all of us should aim at, isn't it? Certainly, we ought, each of us, to be a picture in our own home, and it is all wrong if we are not. Our rooms are our settings, as it were, and it's up to us to dress in harmony with those settings.

THIS theory, however, applies not only to evening dresses. There are day-time dresses to be thought of, besides, and although a well-cut skirt is seldom surpassed, and despite the efforts of Fashion to retrieve the simple chic-ness of the well-tailored shirt, and the promise that this spring frilly necks are going to make us become



Almond green is a shade that seldom strikes a jarring note, no matter what the colour scheme may be. Here it carries out the chic-est of jumper suits, with beige holland used for the collar and cuffs. (Worth.)

more and more deliciously feminine . . . at the same time, let us remember that the constant sitting about on to-day's luxuriantly upholstered sofas, divans, and arm-chairs will soon cause the tailored skirt to lose its trim, well-groomed appearance.

"**B**UT what in their place?" you ask. And I will but refer you to many of the simple, yet chic day-dresses which are cut on slightly looser lines, and carried out in softer and less crushable materials. . . . Also to the essentially attractive little jumper suits, many of which, even if their third piece—their little cardigan—is dispensed with, still make a practical and smart indoor ensemble . . . that is, of course, so long as care is taken to choose models in the triple-shrunk jersey cloth, which keeps its line and shape so admirably. Moreover, typical of the chic simplicity which we are assured by the leading Fashion Experts will hold sway throughout 1929, they also seem equally at home in the simple and picturesque treatments which are dictated as correct by the pioneers of modern interior decoration.

TAKE another side of the question. Tea-time, a room softly and becomingly lighted, furnished in the Empire manner—and the owner clad in the gayest of negligees, embroidered, Japanese fashion, with flowers, butterflies, etc., rioting in florid profusion. Why, oh why not a gracious robe-de-style in the palest of rose, lavender-grey or eau-

de-Nil shades, blending with the soft colourings of the garlands of flowers on the painted ceiling and the brocaded panels on the walls?

A second room, modernistic in feeling. Silver walls, black ceiling, scarlet silk upholstery. Pleasantly harmonious, until the introduction of a jarring note in colour and style, supplied by its chate-laine, in an old world picture frock of the new vivid cerise. A lovely colour, a lovely frock, against another background.

Two extreme cases, these, but they serve as an illustration.

DRESSING to your home should be an easy matter to-day, when restful, neutral wall colourings are favoured more and more every day, when curtains, carpets, and furniture increasingly tend to tone in with the general scheme of colour.



Black satin is always effective in the afternoon, and there is quite a hint of old-world charm about this little frock, with its quaint, tight-fitting bodice, secured by diamanti buttons and collar and cuffs of ochre-tinted Spanish lace. (Reville.)

Restful greens and browns, and softest primrose shades are a picturesque and happy setting for almost every hue, like a garden or field that welcomes every splash of colour, be they never so bright. The scheme that is daring and provocative demands the restful note in frocks—grey or beige, and, of course, black.

In up-to-date decorative schemes, though walls may be neutral, a vivid colour note is often struck in the

curtains or cushions or even in some piece of decorative pottery; a fact that is not always taken into consideration when house dresses are chosen.

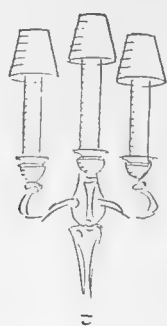
Sometimes it is effective to repeat this in the frock, but care should be taken not to stress it unduly, or the feeling may become laboured. The happier way is to pick up the dominant note in a piece of jewellery. The lapis blue of the curtains can, for instance, be most charmingly repeated in a necklace, or the green of the cushions in a set of jade.

And those printed fabrics that are charming us all to-day. They grow lovelier and lovelier each season, whether the medium is georgette, chiffon, silk or velvet. No wonder that we are sometimes carried away to the extent of forgetting our carefully chosen chintzes and wall papers; but discretion *must* be exercised if patterned materials are to look right in every setting. Flowered designs are admittedly lovely when they have an out-of-door background, but supposing that indoors flowers are also rioting in glorious profusion on your sofas, chairs and curtains? The resulting sameness will hardly be artistic. Likewise the gay little geometrical patterns that can look so attractive fail sadly in their effect when they resemble, even remotely, the design in the curtains! It has happened! Always, I think, frocks with little or no design in rooms that have "a certain liveliness" in the decorative schemes, though patterns, floral and otherwise, are particularly effective when walls and furnishings are restful and plain.

J. C.



Georgette, in colouring tawny brown and orange against a background of black, and narrowly edged with fine black lace, is used for a lovely semi-evening affair, the cape in one with the frock. (Reville.)



MODEL "68" from £565
MODEL "78" from £695

The equipment is very complete and includes six wire wheels, luggage carrier and bumpers.

By Jove! What a ripping car — whose?

Radcliffe's new Marmon "78." He lent her to me the other day... d'you know we went down Bond Street at walking pace on top gear? And she accelerates from 10 to 50 m.p.h. within 16 seconds. Wonderful springing, too... Janice and I are seriously considering the "68" model.

MARMON

STRAIGHT EIGHT

Marmon Car Showrooms: 24-27, ORCHARD STREET, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 5140.

MOTOR SECTION



Motorists in Italy will find no difficulty in obtaining their favourite fuel, which is evident from the above photograph.

NO one who thinks about the matter at all is likely to argue against the desirability of some standardised design for all traffic signalling devices, but a visit to the Continent, and particularly to Germany, where the fitting of a mechanical indicator is compulsory, and by general consent the same type of device has been adopted by almost all the motor vehicles in use, is strikingly educational in this respect.

After experiencing the smoothness and certainty with which the German traffic proceeds, as a result of this fact and of the various schemes of traffic control in operation, one feels that we have still much to learn, and an official visit to Berlin of a committee of those concerned with the control of London traffic could not be devoid of result.

UNIFORMITY NECESSARY.

AT home, as we know, in the first place traffic indicators are not compulsory; it is not even compulsory to make hand signals, though the failure to do so would doubtless be held as a contributory cause in case of an accident; and many motorists appear to select their indicators rather with a view to their decorative qualities than to their efficiency for the purpose for which they are intended. Apart from the weird and wonderful code lighting schemes which one occasionally observes, the number of practical indicators of different types, all more or less efficient in their varying ways, is approaching infinity, while the different methods and positions of attachment to the car tends still further to complicate the position.

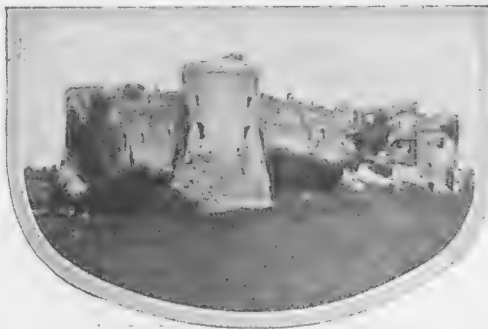
It really is time

that the authorities had a word to say in the matter. One hesitates to advocate anything in the nature of legal compulsion, especially when the view is held that a great deal more signalling is done by many drivers than is strictly necessary, if the cars were driven in the proper manner. But as it is apparently impossible, with the best will in the world, to ensure that hand signals shall be given with unmistakable clarity, the only thing for it is the mechanical signal, standardised so that everyone knows where to look for it, and knows, without the possibility of mistake, exactly what each movement of the arm, or illumination of arrows, means.

THE COMMON SENSE WAY.

AS a matter of fact, of course, the position of the car in the traffic stream should invariably indicate to all other drivers the direction in which it will move. If, at the approach to a cross road, the car is on the extreme left, or the extreme right, the presumption is that the driver means to turn to left or right respectively; and if it is in the middle of the traffic, that he intends to keep straight on.

Unfortunately, one cannot altogether rely upon



A motorists' Mecca in South Wales—Carew Castle.

Standard Traffic Signals

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce

these indications, but an effort should be made by every motorist to follow the obvious and common sense rule. If there were 100 per cent. efficiency in this matter among drivers, the necessity for any kind of signalling would almost disappear—but we are only human! That being so, one is forced to the conclusion that compulsory standardised mechanical signalling devices provide the only solution of the difficulty.

THE BRITISH MOTORIST ABROAD.

IN spite of the unusually cold weather on the Mediterranean coast, the growth in the number of British motorists touring in those parts is most marked this year. Particularly on the Italian Riviera, the car with the familiar "GB" plate is becoming a commonplace, while further evidence to the same end is afforded by the numerous advertising signs—which, incidentally, do not exactly improve the scenery—intimating to the Briton abroad that he can obtain his customary brands of fuel and oil.

Those who do travel so far afield might take note that an astonishingly bad quality of petrol is obtainable if one does not exercise a little care in filling up from the pumps supplying known brands. This is equally true in France, but there is really not the slightest difficulty in securing adequate supplies of the fuel to which the engine is used in either country.



The picturesque ivy-clad Five Arches at Tenby.

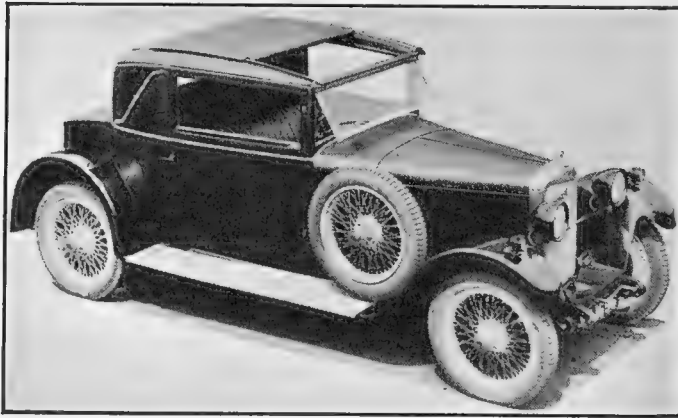
THE FIVE ARCHES, TENBY.

ANOTHER place of antiquarian interest which motorists should visit when passing are the walls of Tenby, in Carmarthen Bay, built about 1328, when Edward III granted certain dues for that purpose. The south-west gate, known as the Five Arches, is the most interesting portion. The northern archway is of fifteenth century period, and three of the arches are modern. The northern archway, however, still has the original grooves through which the portcullis was raised and lowered.

In 1767 a famous authority said of this gate: "It seems well constructed for defence, as there is one gate into the tower and another into the town, so that when the tower gate is forced, that of the town is still

STANDARD TRAFFIC SIGNALS (continued).

to be attacked, and by no more men than can stand in the tower, where they must be very subject to the offensive weapons of the besieged."



The 14-45 h.p. Talbot of the chummy coupé type which is described as being really suitable for long-distance touring.

CAREW CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE.

LONG since uninhabitable, but a noble ruin none the less, Carew Castle is one of the oldest of the "stately homes" of Britain still standing, and makes an excellent subject for a motor run of those who are in the neighbourhood. It was the residence of early British princes, and later of the Carew family, who were of pre-Norman origin. During the Civil War the Castle was garrisoned for the King. It was improved by Sir John Perrott during the reign of Henry VIII.

Henry, Earl of Richmond, rested there on his way from Milford Haven to Bosworth Field in 1507. Carew Castle was also the scene of the only Grand Tournament ever held in Wales. The Tournament lasted for five days, during which Sir Rhys ap Thomas received the Order of the Garter for capturing Perkin Warbeck. A beautiful view across Milford Haven is obtainable from the Castle, which is a relic of early England not to be missed.

TRYING OUT THE 14-45 h.p. TALBOT.

Engine	..	Six cylinders; bore and stroke, 61 m.m. by 95 m.m.; 1,666 c.c.
Tax	£14	
Gearbox	..	Four speeds, right-hand control
Clutch	..	Disc
Cooling	..	Thermo-siphon
Carburettor	..	Smith
Ignition	..	Coil
Electrical equipment	..	Rotax
Price	..	£485

ONE of the most notable light British sixes of the season is the 14-45-h.p. Talbot, which differs from the majority of its competitors in having an engine which is considerably smaller than is usual for this class of car. The car tested was one of the chummy coupé type, with a sunshine roof, the most notable feature concerning which was the surprisingly generous luggage space, by virtue of which the vehicle was suitable for really extended long-distance touring either at home or abroad, and the fact that the rear window was made to open or close.

In actual performance we found the engine as powerful and lively as one would expect

from its 1,666 c.c. capacity, a matter in which it was aided by the use of an unusually low top gear ratio, and the suspension good, although the impression was given that the Hartford

shock absorbers might with advantage have been slackened off a little. The steering is light and pleasantly certain, while the four-speed gearbox, with its right-hand control, was easy to operate.

Braking was well up to the average standard, and altogether the car impressed one as a creditable example of British practice. A feature of interest in regard to the equipment was that a traffic indicator, controlled by little levers in a readily accessible position in the centre of the steering wheel, was fitted as standard.

FREE WHEEL'S GROWING POPULARITY.

SLOWLY but surely the free wheel for motor cars is gaining ground, and it is extremely probable that by the time of this year's Olympia Show a sufficient number of car manufacturers will have standardised the device to justify the description of the free wheel as a "tendency" of the season. The reluctance of manufacturers and public to adopt the free wheel clutch during the past year or so can only be put down, apart from national conservatism, to the suspicion which still attaches to its mechanical efficiency as a result of bad experience with earlier examples; but it is definitely assured now that on the grounds of efficiency at least there is no longer any need to delay.

And so far as the advantages conferred by the use of the free wheel are concerned, knowledge is gradually becoming general, so that very shortly public demand must

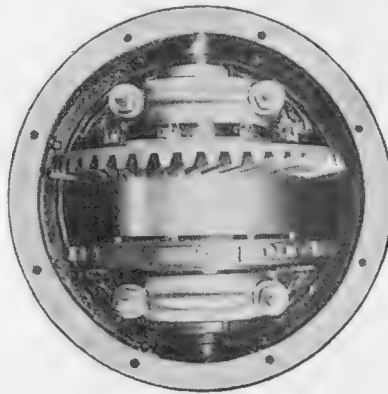
force the hands of manufacturers if they still appear to be reluctant. The proven saving of petrol, the elimination of the slightest difficulty in gear changing, and the silent, smooth progression and absence of noise due to over-run of the engine are enough in themselves to recommend the device, but in the case of the Delavaud differential free wheel, with which our car was fitted in the Monte Carlo Rally, it has an individual advantage which in certain circumstances outweighs all the others.

The normal differential, as fitted to all motor cars, has the disadvantage that unless both rear wheels are on firm ground, it is impossible to secure adhesion, since the drive from the engine goes to the wheel with least resistance. Hence wheel spin. With the Delavaud differential, however, the reverse is the case—the drive goes to the wheel with the better grip, with the result that it is almost invariably possible to extricate the car from what might otherwise be an awkward predicament under its own power. This may sound almost too good to be true, but in the course of more than a thousand miles over icebound roads in the Rally we found definitely that all the claims on this score were justified.

NON-SKIDDING ADVANTAGES.

APART from this, the presence of the Delavaud free wheel checks the tendency of the car to skid on a slippery surface in a remarkable manner, and it was only by virtue of this feature that we were able to proceed at all over some of the sections of the Rally route. Time after time we overtook other cars proceeding with the greatest circumspection over icy surfaces, their tails showing a tendency to wag on the slightest provocation, while we were able to continue at high speed and in a perfectly normal fashion.

The fact that the Delavaud device is also a free wheel, therefore, is an incidental advantage; in fact, it is understood that the inventor's intention was to secure an improved form of differential in which the usual failing of the ordinary "diff." was eliminated.



The Delavaud free wheel which checks the tendency of a car to skid on a slippery surface and is described in this article.



The recent hard weather has been a sore trial to motorists. A car being dug out on the Salisbury-Amesbury road.



Open or closed

In your "Standard" Saloon you can be snug, quiet and comfortable as you glide through the suburbs or through an icy shower. But out in the country there is no need to miss those bursts of sunshine and the tang of the upland breezes. Without even slowing down, your thumb and forefinger flick back the "Stanlite" sliding roof and you are open to a foretaste of Spring.

Standard Nine Saloons—ample room for four six-footers—40 m.p.g.—tax £10.

From £190

6 Cyl. Fifteen "Exmouth" Saloon, £325
Write for full information and interesting literature.

The All-British Standard
sets a new standard
THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY, LTD.
Canley Works COVENTRY

NORLAND HOTELS—

*A Rare Combination of
Excellence and Economy*

NORLAND SERVICE COMPRISES THREE REAL LESSER HOTELS FOR GENTLEFOLK, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S SOCIAL AND SHOPPING ACTIVITIES.

OVER 200 ROOMS, WITH EXCELLENT ACCOMMODATION, REFINED ATMOSPHERE, RESTFUL COMFORT AND A DELIGHTFUL FARE OF BRITISH FOOD PREPARED BY BRITISH COOKS.

NORLAND HOTELS
SOLVE THE INITIAL PROBLEM OF
THE VISIT TO LONDON.

The inclusive terms range from 4 to 5 gns. weekly. Room and Breakfast, 8/6 to 9/6 daily.

Illustrated Tariff will be mailed post free on application to—

NORLAND HOTELS LTD.
GRANVILLE PLACE . . OXFORD STREET . . LONDON, W.1.
Telegrams: "Entraining London." Telephones: Mayfair 1488, 3938, 3939, 3987

WAKEFIELD RECOMMENDATION SERIES No. 3.

Watch for your Car!

The Manufacturers of

LEA-FRANCIS CARS

USE and RECOMMEND exclusively
WAKEFIELD

CASTROL
MOTOR OIL



LEA & FRANCIS LTD
MOTOR CARS
Lower Ford Street COVENTRY

30th December 1928.

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.

Dear Sirs,

The LEA-FRANCIS Car established an enviable reputation at its very inception and in 1924 in the R.A.C. Six Days Trial was awarded by the R.A.C. a Special Gold Medal for consistent running, Hill Climbing, and Condition after the Trial, and has since maintained a wonderful record of over 100 consistent successes. During the past year you will remember the winning of the R.A.C. Tourist Trophy Race by the LEA-FRANCIS Car, with Mr. Kaye Don at the wheel, and G.E.T. Eyston 6th in the Race, also the following:

First British car in J.C.C. 200 Miles Race - Mr. Kaye Don.
Brooklands August Bank Holiday Meeting Presidents Gold Plate, 1st Mr. Kaye Don at an average speed of 103.36 m.p.h.
50 M.P.N. Short Handicap, 1st R.M.V. Sutton.

We would like to convey our appreciation of the quality of the Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil that has shared in these successes, and which we use throughout our works. We have found this lubricant best suited to maintain the perfect performance of our cars, and therefore have no hesitation in recommending its exclusive use to all who own LEA-FRANCIS Cars.

We are, Yours faithfully,
P. F. LEA & FRANCIS LIMITED.
H. H. Salmon
GENERAL MANAGER.

ENGINE
Wakefield CASTROL
XL
GEAR-BOX
Wakefield CASTROL
S
REAR-AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., All-British Firm, Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2



Weighed In

By "BLACKFRIAR"

A revision of the Jockey Club's rule, which has outlived its usefulness, declaring the entry of a horse whose owner has died invalid, is, in the opinion of our contributor, likely.

AN early revision of the unsatisfactory rule which renders void the entry of a horse for any race on the death of its nominator is an almost certain sequel to the recent decision in what is known as the Jockey Club *v.* Edgar Wallace case. This rule, the operation of which disqualified Call Boy for the St. Leger of two years ago and automatically cancelled the entry of Kantar and Cri de Guerre for this year's Ascot Gold Cup through the recent death of Mr. Ogden Mills, has long outlived its usefulness.

There is little doubt it would have been altered years ago if the Jockey Club could have been sure that any financial liabilities incurred through such nominations were recoverable, if necessary by legal process, from a deceased owner's estate. The legality of such proceeding has always been in doubt and it was with the object of getting the exact position defined in a court of law that this friendly test action was entered upon.

Mr. Wallace's case was that certain forfeits he had incurred through entering two horses for races for which he did not run them were not recoverable as such transactions came within the meaning of the Gaming Act, a plea the High Court upheld. In reversing that Court's decision, however, the Master of the Rolls laid it down that "The essence of gaming and wagering was that one party was to win and another was to lose a certain sum upon a future event, which at the time of the contract was uncertain in its nature. In the case of these races the Jockey Club paid away the prize money if the race were run at all, and that did not depend upon a future event as between the Club and Mr. Wallace."

Had the High Court decision been allowed

to stand the position of the Jockey Club would have been an untenable one, since it would have established not only that it had

no power to exact payment of forfeits but that all such payments in the past had been enforced illegally. As it is, the principle is laid down that all such transactions are legally-binding contracts and, what is more important, executors can be sued for payment if need be.

A LAW UNTO ITSELF.

SCARCELY a day passes now without some of the aspirants for "National" honours being seen in action at some meeting or other. It seems to be the fashion to style all these races in which they take part National "trials," no matter whether the material concerned are some of the best fancied horses or merely half a dozen or so of the many Tipperary Tims engaged.

That is a practice which borders on absurdity. There might be some excuse for it in the case of a race like the Four Mile Steeplechase at Hurst Park next month, or the National



Tommy Weston, who is to ride Norwest in the Lincolnshire Handicap.



"Oh, what a fall..."

Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham, but not for these every-day two or three miles efforts over easy "park" fences.

There is not a race in the Calendar where weight and pace count for so little as the Grand National. Both qualities, of course, play a

part, but the main quality demanded is ability to jump. If you can add to that an assurance against meeting with trouble *en route* in the shape of interference from riderless or fallen horses then your candidate is half way to winning the race. Form over other courses, in fact, does not really matter much. Aintree is a law unto itself.

GREAT SPAN'S FAILURE.

IT is for these reasons that admirers of Great Span, Maguelonne, Bright's Boy and one or two others who have failed recently will not be cast down by their favourite's inability to win. I am sure that none of the people behind Great Span was upset when he failed to last home in the Troystown Steeplechase at Lingfield the other day. His National prospects were in no way affected. What is more important is that "he jumped beautifully all the way," as his rider, young Payne, who will again have the mount at Liverpool, said to me afterwards.

Similarly, the French mare Maguelonne probably did all that was expected of her when she just missed a place in the race for the Cloister Steeplechase on the same day. Her fencing was faultless and she only dropped out as a fighting factor from lack of condition. I believe a little physical trouble manifested itself some time ago and it was rather to test her soundness than in an expectation that she would win that she was started at all. She came through the test very satisfactorily.

WESTON AND NORWEST.

NEWs on the Lincolnshire is very scarce. There never is much at this time of the year. The engagement of Tommy Weston to ride

Norwest for Sir Hugh Nugent is interesting, however.

Weston, of course, would not be able to do the weight for Yosemite, who, now that Sans Changer has disappeared, remains the sole representative of Stanley House. But the engagement of his services for a rival stable is significant. It looks as if the chance of Yosemite is not assessed highly. I'm not surprised, in spite of the fact that certain experts were inclined to speak favourably of this "maiden" five-year-old early on.

Norwest is a four-year-old son of Westward Ho, a horse that proved one of the biggest disappointments of Lord Glanely's otherwise successful turf career, for he cost his lordship £11,500 as a yearling; yet the only race he won was a small affair at Lingfield worth some £200.

As a juvenile Norwest won a couple of races in good company, but last season he appeared to have trained off until right at the back-end. Then he beat a useful field in a canter over ten furlongs at Manchester and two days later ran a good second to Saracen for the November Handicap. He probably does his best when the going is on the soft side.

Week-end Selections.

KEMPTON PARK, FRIDAY.
Twickenham S. Hurdle—
Zero.

Emblem Hdp. Steeplechase—
Easy Virtue.
Rendlesham Long-Distance
Hurdle—Somnus.
Novices' Steeplechase—
Blue Vinny.

KEMPTON PARK, SATURDAY.
Coventry Hdp. Steeplechase—
Harewood.
Manor S. Steeplechase—
Fortissimo.
St. James' Hdp. Hurdle—
Okanagan.
Amateurs' Hdp. Steeplechase
—Wroxham Bridge.



"... was there." Two views of Mr. T. Gates on Maxtoi taking a toss.

Tilden's Return

An unfortunate and unsatisfactory incident is closed by the reinstatement of W. T. Tilden, the American Davis Cup player, who had been suspended from taking part in meetings.

By F. GORDON LOWE

ALL will be relieved and genuinely pleased that the suspension of W. T. Tilden is at an end. He is now once more in his rightful place at the head of the American amateurs and free to play where and when he likes.

Thus an unfortunate incident is closed. In the first place it was open to doubt whether

understood that Tilden and Hunter are coming to Europe early and will not take part in the first stages of



Wilbur Coen, America's seventeen-year-old Davis Cup player, who recently arrived on the Riviera.

W. T. Tilden, whose suspension has been ended, may be expected at Wimbledon again this year.

the American ex-champion did commit a breach of the player-writer rule of his country by actually reporting the matches at Wimbledon rather than by commenting upon them. Secondly, if he did the punishment was universally admitted to be far too severe for the offence.

Tilden has kept a dignified attitude all through this tedious affair, which redounds to his credit. What a bitter disappointment it must have been to him not to have been able to defend his National Doubles title with Frank Hunter at Boston last autumn, or to play in the singles championship which followed at Forest Hill. He had an uncommonly good chance, and one that does not increase as the years go by, of winning this latter event for the seventh time.

ANOTHER FAREWELL.

THE many statements to the effect that Tilden's amateur status has been restored are, of course, incorrect. The famous American has never lost his status as an amateur, but has merely been suspended from taking part in tournaments and matches. The sympathy which has been extended to Tilden by his many friends on this side has probably influenced his decision to pay another "farewell" visit to Europe this season.

At any rate, it is good news to hear that the Centre Court crowds will once more have the joy of watching the ex-champion in action. Tilden is quite capable of regaining the Wimbledon Championship which he last won in 1921. Few will forget his gallant efforts in 1927 and 1928 or his dramatic matches, which he lost though should have won, against Cochet and Lacoste respectively.

To have a chance this year Tilden must concentrate entirely on the singles event, and leave the doubles, in spite of the presence of his regular double partner, Hunter, to take care of themselves. It is

the Davis Cup Competition. Should their services be required later on in Paris, they will be available.

PAUL FERET REINSTATED.

RATHER a different affair to that of Tilden is the case of Paul Feret, the brilliant young Frenchman and Davis Cup player, who actually did become a professional in 1926. He took the plunge when he accompanied Suzanne Lenglen on her tour of the States under Mr. Pyles's auspices and has just been reinstated by the French Federation.

This is the first time, so far as I am aware, that a lawn tennis professional has ever been able to return to the amateur ranks. In Feret's case, of course, there were extenuating circumstances and a new French rule, permitting those who had only transgressed once to be reinstated, had

Another "Farewell Visit" to Wimbledon

to be passed especially for his benefit. Pyles's offer came just at a time when the young Frenchman had suffered a sad bereavement, and he made the trip more as a diversion than for monetary gain.

AN ANNUAL CEREMONY.

THE draw for the Davis Cup competition was again conducted at the Elysée, Paris, early this month. After a brief opening speech by M. Henri Paté, the Minister for Physical Education and Sport, in which he paid a high tribute to the good influence that this competition was having among nations, M. Doumergue, the President of the French Re-

publi, drew the first slip from the cup; he was followed in alphabetical order by the diplomatic representatives of the various nations taking part. This annual ceremony, which owes its origin to the Americans, only serves to emphasise the great importance which is attached in high quarters to the Davis Cup contest.

Lawn tennis is the one game which is understood by almost every country, and it is chiefly through the Davis Cup that this has come about. Through its agency more has been done to bring the various nations together after the great war than through any other medium, political or otherwise.

Twenty-nine nations have entered for the contest this year as opposed to 33 last. This does not mean a falling off in keenness, but has simply come about because the absentees, Australia, India, the Philippines, New Zealand, the Argentine, and China are prevented by their geographical position from taking part. The two newcomers are Egypt, whose chief player is Zerlendi, and Monaco, the smallest recruit to international honours.

The actual draw for the European section clearly seems to have provided England with a sporting chance of reaching the final; our path, however, is by no means an easy one. Fate has decreed that we again meet Poland in the first round; our two previous encounters were in 1925 and 1927



Lawn Tennis at Cannes. Miss Boyd and Miss Betty Nuthall (right) after their victory over Miss E. Bennett (left) and Fraulein Aussem, the German champion.

See CANADA



AT THE

British Industries Fair

The Canadian Government Exhibition Commission has created at White City, London, and Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, magnificent Pavilions to house the **CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL SECTIONS**

Not only is Canada one of the world's greatest reservoirs of raw materials, but a great industrial country. Her manufactures are now worth nearly £800,000,000 annually.

Canadian Exhibits at the White City, London, comprise

Breakfast Foods, Condensed Milk, Pasteurised Cheese, Fruit Juices, Whisky, Flour, Maple Products, Drugs, Electric Washing Machines, Aluminium Ware, Fountain Pens, Metal Pencils, Electric Suction Cleaners, Printing, Railway and Steamship Services, Rubber Footwear, Electric Ironers, Refrigerators, Storage Batteries, Racking Apparatus, Household Furniture, Electric Ranges, Gypsum and Fibre Building Boards, Soaps.

Canadian Exhibits at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham, comprise

Storage Batteries, Electric Washing Machines, Pumps, Hardware, Tools, Railway and Steamship Services, Electric Ironers, Electric Ranges and Stoves, Aluminium Ware, Gypsum and Fibre Building Boards.

Special arrangements have been made at the Canadian Industrial Sections in London and Birmingham for the reception of Home and Overseas Buyers. Detailed, accurate information regarding all exhibits gladly given at the Fair. Postal enquiries:

Re **LONDON** Exhibits to:
HARRISON WATSON,
Chief Canadian Government Trade
Commissioner in the United Kingdom,
THE CANADIAN BUILDING,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE,
LONDON, S.W.1.

Re **BIRMINGHAM** Exhibits to:
DOUGLAS S. COLE,
Canadian Government Trade
Commissioner,
SUN BUILDINGS,
CLARE STREET, BRISTOL.

Other Canadian Government Trade Commissioners at Glasgow, Liverpool and the principal commercial centres of the World.

Brighter Bridge

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in *BRITANNIA* as a standard feature. The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on the Friday following publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Editor, *BRITANNIA*, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM IX

- ♠ A, 6, 3, 2.
- ♥ Q, 5, 4.
- ♣ A, K, 9, 8, 6, 2.

North

West East

South

- ♠ A, 5, 4.
- ♥ 8, 7, 5.
- ♦ A, J, 8, 6, 2.
- ♣ 7, 3.

West.

(Dealer.) North. East. South.

No. 1 C.	1 S.	2 D.
No. 2 S.	2 S.	No.
No. 3 D.	3 H.	4 D.
4 S.	6 D.	Db. All pass

How should South play the hand to the best advantage?

PROBLEM VI.

South deals and calls Two No Trumps. South holds: Spades, A, Q, 3. Hearts, A, Q, 3. Diamonds, A, 6, 5, 4. Clubs, A, 10, 2. North holds: Spades, 6, 4, 2. Hearts, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds, K, J, 10, 8, 2. Clubs, 6, 5.

All pass.

The first three Tricks are as follows:—

West.	North.	East.	South.
C. 4	C. 5	C. Q.	C. 2
C. 3	C. 6	C. J.	C. A.

At Trick three, South leads the Diamond Ace. West plays Q.

As a number of competitors surmised, the vital element in this problem was to force West to lead the major suits. If his lead and subsequent play of the Clubs were orthodox, he has but three more Clubs to make.

Further, as he has thrown the Diamond Queen, it is more than probable he has no more Diamonds. If this be true, the lead of the Club 10 will foist the lead upon West, and, after he has made his good Clubs (taking in four Tricks in all) he will have to lead up to one of South's major Tenaces.

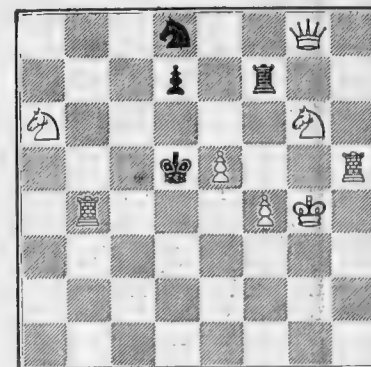
THE PRIZE-WINNERS.

The prize-winners of Competition VI are:—Miss D. S. Jones, 9, Porthminster Terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall; H. Muir Evans, The Turret House, Lowestoft; Miss W. Scott, Ardlui, Kincora Avenue, Belfast; C. G. Barnett, 11, Corringway, Ealing, W.5; Mrs. D. Graham Callow, Four Winds, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

CHESS

By T. C. EVANS

Problem No. 11. By W. E. CAINE and E. J. EDDY.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed, Chess Editor, *BRITANNIA*, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Thursday next. Foreign competitors in the "Ladder" Tourney are allowed extra time.

Will J. E. Lydden and J. H. Baines please send their full addresses?

Readers may enter our "Ladder" Tourney any time, and are reminded that twenty prizes of twelve months' free subscriptions of the *BRITANNIA* will be awarded quarterly.

Solution of Problem No. 10 will be published next week.

End-Game (No. 8): 7R; b7; 8; 8; 6Kt; 7K; 6P; 7K. White to play and draw.

Solution of End-Game No. 7 (Rinck): 1 P-Kt6, R-P; 2 B-Q3, R-KR4; 3 B-B4ch, K-R6; 4 P-Kt7.

SELECTED GAME.

Game No. 11. The appended game was played at Giessen last year.

Irregular Opening.

White	Black
Kmoch	Samisch
1 P-K4	Kt-QB3
2 Kt-QB3	P-K4
3 B-B4	Kt-B3
4 P-Q3	B-B4
5 B-K3	B-Kt3
6 Kt-B3	P-Q3
7 Q-Q2	B-K3
8 B-Kt3	B-R4
9 O-O	P-KK3
10 Q-K2	O-O
11 P-KR3	R-K1
12 QR-Q1	Q-Q2
13 Kt-Q5 (a)	BxKt
14 PxR	Kt-Q5!
15 KtxKt (b)	PxKt
16 Q-B3	PxB
17 PxP	B-Kt3
18 P-Q4	R-K5
19 Q-Kt3	Q-K2
20 R-B3	Kt-R2
21 R-Q3	Kt-Kt4
22 R-B1	R-K1
23 K-B2 (c)	RxQP (d)

White resigns.

(a) A bad move, of which White takes immediate advantage.

(b) No alternative, of course.

(c) The King takes control with disastrous results.

(d) Very fine! If 24 PxR, Kt-K5ch; or if 24 RxR, BxR; still threatening Kt-K5ch; besides BxPch.

CAPABLANCA FOR RAMSGATE.

The entry of Señor Capablanca in the Team Practice Tournament will provide the sensation of the Easter Chess Congress at Ramsgate. Seven English players are being opposed to seven foreign players. Each Englishman is to play one game with each foreigner, and it is to be hoped that at least one Englishman will rise to the occasion and snatch a game from the famous Cuban. In an effort to overcome the drawn game evil it has been decided to award £1 for every game won throughout the Tournament. An interesting innovation this, which should make the "sparks fly," and supply thrills in abundance.

The Congress takes place from March 30th to April 6th. Full particulars of the other events may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, R. H. S. Stevenson, 47, Gauden Road, Clapham, S.W.4.

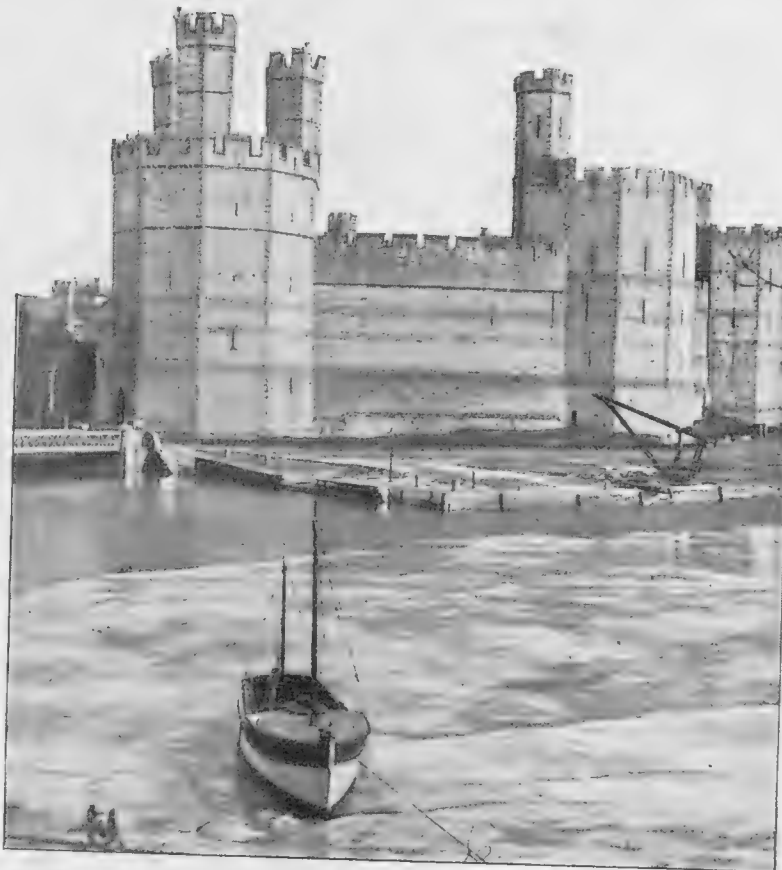
I beg to take this opportunity to thank the following Problemists for their congratulations and wishes for the success of the Chess Column: Messrs. W. E. Caine, A. C. Challenger, T. R. Dawson, N. Easter, E. J. Eddy, L. C. Hallam, A. E. Hill, G. Hume, C. S. Kipping, G. Page, D. Pirnie, C. Mansfield, H. Weenink and J. R. Whalley.



ENGLAND in the GRIP of Winter

So severe was the frost that the Leeds and Liverpool Canal was frozen over and barges were commissioned to break the ice, which, however, re-formed very quickly.

An unusual sight. The River Seriont, which flows past Carnarvon Castle, has been icebound during the hardest frost Wales has experienced for many years.



It is twenty years since the Thames was last frozen over. Our photograph shows the river at Sunbury, only about 17 miles from London.

North Sea fishermen had a cold time last week. On the right a member of the crew of a boat is seen chopping away ice from the rigging.



The "Good Old Times" when the Thames used to be frozen. A picture of the river during the great frost of 1814 as seen from Three Cranes Wharf.

SPORT INDOOR
AND OUT

The Fifth Round of the F.A. Cup was played on Saturday on snow-clad grounds. Chelsea are seen scoring their only goal against Portsmouth from a penalty kick which was taken by Law. Weddle subsequently netted for Portsmouth and the game resulted in a draw.



H. F. E. Coles (Cardiff) won the Amateur Billiards Championship, and received the Cup from Sir Emsley Carr.



The Women's National Cross Country Championship, held at Perivale under Arctic conditions, resulted in a win for the holder, Miss L. Styles (right), with whom is Miss V. Hinton, who was second.



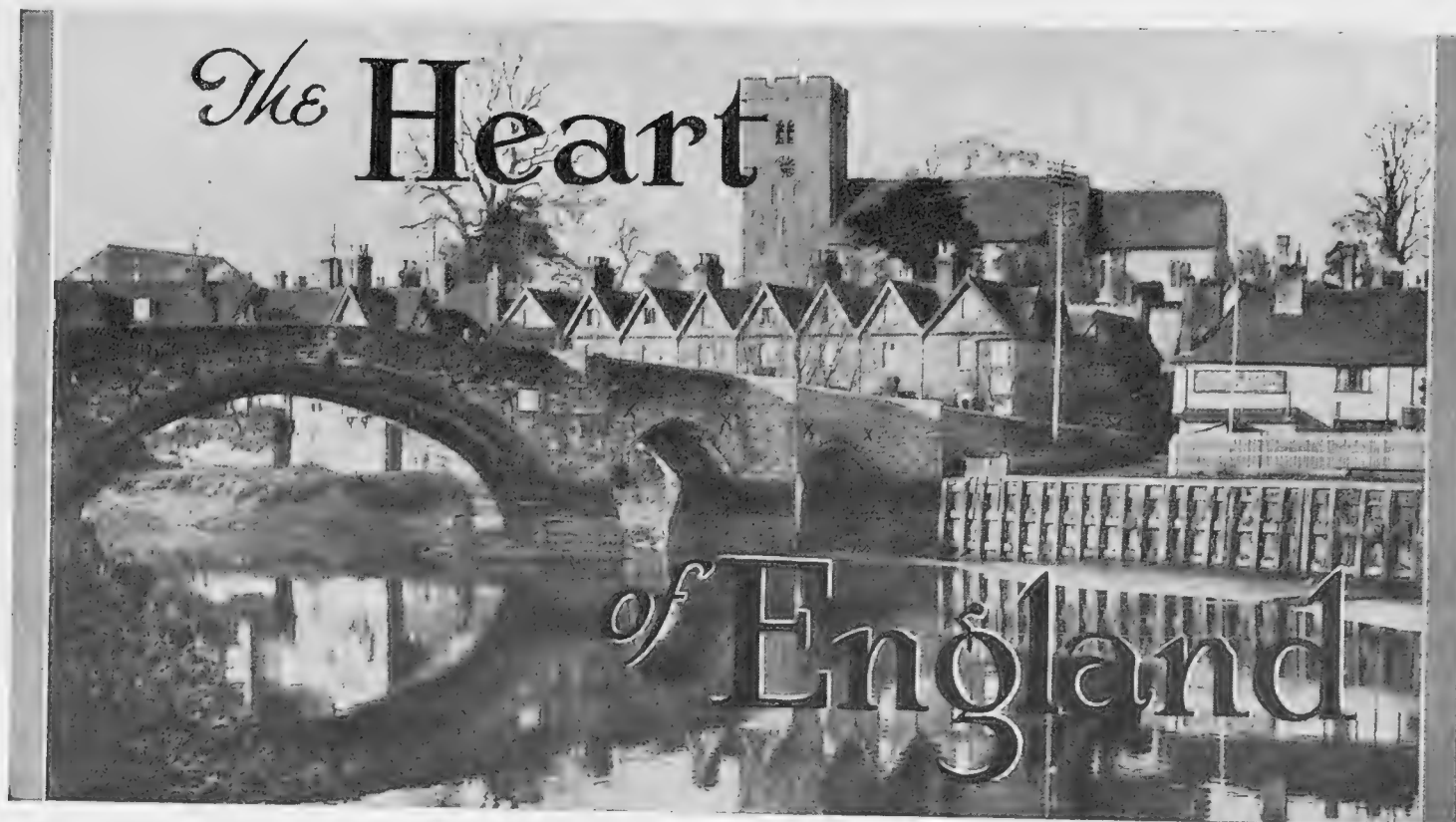
The two finalists in the Ladies' Amateur Fencing Championship at the Hotel Victoria were Miss Davies (left) and Mrs. M. Freeman, who won after a tie of four wins and one defeat each.



English and Welsh Soccer Amateurs played a drawn game at Brighton on Saturday, each side scoring once. England was expected to win, but the Welshmen adapted themselves to the unusual conditions better than their rivals.

Oxford's boat race crew at Henley, where they are practising for the race on March 23rd. With a view to minimising the risk of damage from floating ice, a copper sheath was fitted over the bows of the boat.





Unlike his great compatriot, Emerson, our contributor found something of England in every Englishman he met. . . . And when he went home again he felt that a power more than human watches over the destiny of England.

"This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England." Under the Roman bridge made beautiful by time the river winds its way.

WHEN the great steamship *Majestic* docked at Southampton, a radiant English face smiled greeting, and a booming voice thundered: "Welcome to the Heart of England."

It was a prophetic utterance. Again I am on the *Majestic*, sailing homewards, after three memorable months in which I have travelled from east to west, from north to south, lecturing to crowded houses in most of the principal cities of what the English love to call "our tight little Island." And everywhere from working class to titled society has come the same hearty "welcome to the heart of England."

I had been told that I would find the English people cold and unresponsive. On the contrary, I found them radiant with friendship, glorious in generosity, warm with love. I had also been told that the English people had no sense of humour. I can truthfully say that never have I found a quicker perception, a keener appreciation or a heartier response to that sense of humour, which many of my American friends think God has given to me in a superabundance, than I found in England.

"THIS HAPPY BREED OF MEN."

ONE thing stands out pre-eminently in my memory of England, and that is from hamlet to mansion the English are English.

Emerson said he found England in no single Englishman, while I found nothing less than England in every Englishman. Everywhere and in every person I found that love for the very soil, that deep-seated belief amounting to an inner conviction, that a Power more than human watches

By Henry Victor Morgan.

(The well-known American author and lecturer.)

over the destiny of England and safeguards her existence. And the beauty of England. Who can describe it? My first letter home said: "Beautiful England, radiant England, roomy England, fragrant England." I had just been driven over twenty miles through the New Forest, riotous with fragrant laden blossom. Even the hawthorn breathes an almost intoxicating perfume. The very birds seem to be inspired by it, and in liquid notes chant its glory to the stars.

A WELL-CARED FOR COUNTRY.

BUT what surprised me most was the broominess of England. I had expected to find it close, compact and extensively cultivated. On the contrary it seemed like a huge well-cared for park with an abundance of shady trees in the midst of small, well-hedged fields, where gentle sheep and quiet-eyed cattle feed with the same placid ease that characterises all that is English.

It is a land of many memories. It has an atmosphere of endurance. We travelled through a thousand years that seem to be alive in to-day. One may sit in the same chairs in which Johnson and Dickens sat, visit the house where Shakespeare courted Ann Hathaway, and get acorns from the Major Oak under which once sat Robin Hood and his band. Yesterday and to-day blend so completely that we can easily understand how a thousand years are but as a day in God's sight.

Each province, or county as it is called in England, has a different atmosphere and a different accent as marked as that between New England and Carolina. But the English heart is one, as is the American, and I found it brave, considerate, expectant and tolerant. In fact, England seems incapable of a sustained hatred. It is seldom that you hear

an unkind word of their late enemies, the Germans. And as for America, the attitude of England is almost paternal. A statue of George Washington stands in one of the public squares, and facing Westminster Abbey is one of Lincoln. Washington and Lincoln were both of English stock, and so Mother England still claims them as her stalwart sons.

In regard to religion I found a great tolerance. While the Church of England (Episcopal) is the established church, there seems no tendency to coerce the people into that special fold. In fact, it is a hard thing to coerce the English mind. They believe in free speech, fair play and in keeping an open mind toward a brighter to-morrow.

I lectured before various clubs and societies in fifteen of the principal cities of the kingdom, and in nearly every city clergymen attended and invited me to speak in their churches when I came again, not that they always fully accepted what I had to say, but they felt there was a note of progress and of brotherhood which was praiseworthy and acceptable.

FRIENDLY HEART OF ENGLAND.

SURELY the heart of humanity is one, and my visit to England has convinced me more and more that a mighty urge towards universal brotherhood and world unity stirs as deeply in the English heart as it does in the heart of our beloved America. I go home a better American for having contacted the great, loving, tolerant, friendly heart of England. And my own paraphrase of Kipling's verse:

"And there is no east
And there is no west
And there is no worth of birth,
For soul knows soul
And heart grasps heart,
Though we come from the ends of the earth"

seems more real to me now than when it was first written.

Correspondence

WOMEN AND PROHIBITION.

Joan Kennedy must wake up. The clear-sighted women of England recognise that the American experiment of Prohibition has been a set-back and not a help to the cause of temperance. They know it has abuses that far outweigh any incidental good, and they do not desire it for their men, their country or for themselves. They prefer a sane regulation of the drink trade, knowing that we English are accustomed to liberty allied with self-control.

Apron-strings are well for children, but men must be free. Prohibition would limit our responsibility; to quote Cardinal Bourne, "Prohibition is not educational... it is a confession of failure." Our lives, as women, are made up of hard, incontrovertible facts. We have to be logical and practical. We know that things out of reach have a glamour for children and men. We only put them out of reach to make them keener. Women have no intention of putting alcohol on the shelf of Prohibition; it is quite enticing enough as it is.

What are Joan Kennedy's reasons for Prohibition? That homes would be happier without drink. So, because a few men get drunk she would abolish drink. Then as some marriages are failures, away with marriage; because of railway accidents, close the stations; because of anthrax, do not use wool. Never. It's 1929, not 1800. Women will not be bluffed nowadays. We will not ruin our people morally, ethically, and physically with the proved poison of Prohibition. Lessons are not lost on us, and we have learnt the lesson of Prohibition very thoroughly from that home of "uplift," the U.S.A.—HELENA THOMAS.

SHIPPING AND SAFEGUARDING.

In your issue of February 1st you quote Rudyard Kipling's "If our shipping goes, we go."

On the previous page G. F. White proposes that the £250,000,000 of imports be bought at home and not from abroad; but all these goods are brought by our shipping, and if this large amount is not earned by our ships our shipping will go, and we shall "go." I don't know where we are to "go," perhaps "to the dogs."

Further, it is still true that exports are paid for by imports; these also are carried in ships, and if imports do not come in exports cannot go out, so what will our shipping do then, poor thing?

According to the Board of Trade, in 1927 our total imports (of all kinds) were £1,260,000,000; our total exports £870,000,000. Interest on foreign and Colonial investments, £270,000,000; shipping earnings (abroad only), £140,000,000; other services, £75,000,000; and we invested abroad £148,000,000 during the year.

Any man in the street who, after paying his way, could add even the odd £147 to his investments each year would be highly satisfied.

If BRITANNIA would only hammer away at the high taxation and high rating, instead of following the foolish idea of safeguarding it would be of some use as a paper.

Safeguarding means interfering with the free exchange of goods, which hits the shipping first, then all transport, and through it iron and coal. "And if our shipping goes, we go."—P. V. OLVER.

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

OUR COAL PROBLEMS.

I am surprised and disappointed that you should advise the coal masters to rationalise. It is foreign to us, and will only add to our troubles if persisted in. Already we are losing by it because a demand from abroad for our coal has sprung up, and the coal which the buyers insist on cannot be had without serious delay. A number of orders are in consequence being lost.

There is only one cure for our coal troubles, and that is a large demand for coal for home consumption, and this can be easily obtained if and when we safeguard our steel and iron trades.

With an increased home demand the coal master would be able to lower his price, which would help home and export trade. The railways would get more haulage, and therefore be able to lower the cost. The steel works would be able to sell British steel, and not, as is so frequently done to the great dissatisfaction of the eventual user of the steel, steel made from foreign ingots.

Unemployment would be greatly reduced, as industry would employ their own work-people—and not as the coal masters.—D. T. EASTON.

UNEMPLOYMENT & EMIGRATION.

It savours of sacrilege to question the conclusions of our greatest authorities that emigration on an extensive scale is the only solution for unemployment, but I would like to ask what is the basis of their claim, and what evidence there is of its value.

I presume it rests on the one fact that it would relieve the country of producers. A producer is also a consumer, and if we send away a producer with his family, we are getting rid of perhaps four consumers, and that surely means that our home manufacturers are losing valuable customers. The Dominions and foreign countries are all increasing their producing plants behind tariff barriers, and making it more difficult for us to find consumers overseas. Where then is the advantage of sending away the consumers we already have? A generation ago the Colonies purchased their manufactured goods very largely from us, and our emigrants still remained customers for our industries, but this is not the case to-day. Emigration may be highly necessary to keep the Empire British, but whether it will relieve our unemployment is a subject on which I want more enlightenment.

Does not the real remedy for unemployment lie in some system whereby we can produce our own food and manufacture our own requirements so as to retain all our producers and raise their spending power as consumers?—DAWSON HAZEL.

THE "MAJESTIC" AND "LEVIATHAN."

Reference is made to the paragraph in your issue of February 1st regarding the tonnage of the *Majestic* and *Leviathan*.

The *Majestic* is slightly longer than the *Leviathan*, but the latter is slightly wider and this difference in width along the whole length of the ship has a considerable influence

on the gross tonnage. The registered gross tonnages of the two ships in question according to Lloyd's Register of Shipping are:—*Leviathan*, 59,957 tons; *Majestic*, 56,621 tons.

The tonnage dues collected by the authorities at Southampton are substantially higher on the *Leviathan* than on the *Majestic*.—TARLETON WINCHESTER, (Director, United States Lines.)

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN CANADA.

In Canada, to-day, there is a great and growing belief that the future of this country lies not in association with the British Empire but in full and active amalgamation with the United States. All over Canada there are organisations, known as "Native Sons," who preach the doctrine of a Canada free of all ties with the Motherland. Even certain Canadian newspapers print articles advocating the severance of anything that savours of English participation in Canadian affairs.

By personal penetration and financial interests, the United States wields greater real power in Canadian affairs than even the Canadians themselves. Largely by reason of geographical proximity, but also due to inclination, Canada buys three and a half times the value of goods from the United States compared with its imports from Great Britain; this, despite the undoubted benefits of Imperial Preference. The ideas of 1926 were not imposed upon the British people by the Unionist or any other Old Country political party; they were the results of the reaching-out-after-independence policy of Canada and the other self-governing Empire nations.

The reason why only 37 per cent. of the immigrants into Canada are of British birth is due to the fact that the remaining 63 per cent. comprise nationalities who are content with less to begin with, whose standard of living is lower, and who readily assimilate the idea that they are newcomers and must blend into the new nationality which is purely to be Canadian. No condemnation of British political parties, no futile recrimination of the Canadian immigration policy, can hide the fact, patent to all observers in Canada, that the inclination of native Canadians is toward a firmer alliance with the United States rather than any tightening of the ties with the Old Country. Englishmen deplore this tendency, and, from my own knowledge of this country for twenty years, I am satisfied that American influence is far greater now than at any other time and is rapidly growing.—H. STEWART ABBISS (of Vancouver, B.C.).

IMPORTED HOPS.

We have read with interest an article by Sir Stanley Machin, J.P., and we wish to draw your attention, and his, to the reference to hops.

We would point out that the Finance Act of 1925 placed a duty of £4 per cwt. on all foreign hops imported into this country for a period of four years from August 16th, 1925, this date being the expiry of the Government Hop Control established in 1917. At the same time a 33½ per cent. Preference was granted to imported hops grown within the Empire.—WIGAN, RICHARDSON AND CO.

Finance & City Section

You and your Money

By A. G. Walsh

CONSIDERING how unsatisfactory was the traffic position in 1928 stockholders ought to be pleased with the Home Railway dividends just recommended. They are as good as might be expected under the circumstances. Just to test the feeling in City circles I made a few inquiries immediately after the declarations and found that the announcements came up to best hopes.

Until the actual accounts are available the actual loss of revenue cannot yet be ascertained; but I can deduce from the dividend rates that it will be considerably less than the disclosed reduction of receipts would suggest.

To start with the Great Western: Traffic revenue, according to the published figures, declined by £1,387,000 during the twelve months. The dividend for the year is 5 per cent. as against 7 per cent. for 1927. The difference between the two rates is £849,240. It is obvious, therefore, that working expenses have been reduced considerably. I shall be surprised if the actual loss on the year exceeds £500,000.

SIMILARLY, the L.M.S. dividend of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., as against $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., calls for a reduction of £1,190,030 in the payment. But the published returns disclose a decline of as much as £4,300,000 in traffic revenue.

Here again, since there is a surplus of £120,000 after providing for the dividend, it is perfectly plain that the company has been able to counteract the loss of revenue by substantial economies in operating costs.

It is to be noted that in neither case has there been any withdrawal from the reserve fund to aid the payment of dividends. To my mind this is the favourable aspect of the situation.

IT is worth recalling that to meet the ordinary dividend of 3 per cent. and part of the preference dividends for the year 1926 the L.M.S. had to withdraw for the purpose as much as £7,188,055 from the reserve fund. That, of course, owing to the general strike, was the company's worst year. The Great Western, too, in order to meet the dividends for 1926, had to withdraw £2,100,000 from its reserves.

At the time of writing the London and North-Eastern dividend declaration has not been made, so I must reserve my comment until next week.

BEST OF ALL.

UNLIKE the two companies before named, which normally derive the greater part of their receipts from goods traffic, the Southern is a passenger line. That is to say, about three-fourths of its revenue comes from passenger receipts. Accordingly, it is not affected to the same extent by trade depression. And the Southern, of course, has the lion's share of cross-Channel Continental traffic.

But I am getting away from the subject of dividends. Of the four main line companies the Southern alone is in a position to maintain its dividend on the 1927 basis—that is, to pay the 5 per cent. on the preferred ordinary stock and 2 per cent. on the deferred. By the way, the deferred dividend is payable only once a year in March, and not half-yearly.

NOW, an examination of the Southern's traffic figures, and the amounts required to meet the dividends, seems to indicate that the coming accounts will reveal a slight improvement in the past year's net profit, in spite of the decline in earnings.

How do I arrive at this deduction? After meeting the 2 per cent. dividend on the deferred for 1927 there was a surplus of £105,666. From the preliminary statement, it appears that, after paying the dividends, the surplus this time will be £135,718, although an additional £100,000 has been paid out as dividend on the new preference capital raised during the year.

It is clear, therefore, that the accounts will show a larger distributable profit, and, as the year's traffics declined by £695,000, I can only infer that a saving of £800,000, at least, in working expenses has been effected.

The conclusion I draw from the preliminary dividend statements is that the great feature of the coming railway reports and accounts will be the very considerable economies effected in many directions.

MORE INFORMATION WANTED.

ALL of what I am discussing goes to show that the gross weekly receipts, as published by the railways, do not form a reliable guide to their actual earnings. The determining factor in the earning position is working costs and this item is not disclosed until the annual accounts are issued.

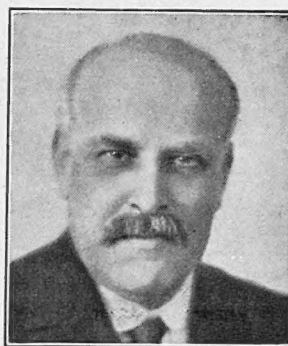
Even if a statement of estimated working expenses were issued quarterly, it would prove helpful and there appears to be no reason why this should not be done.

You may remember that last July, in announcing the half-yearly dividends, the railway directors took the unusual course of explaining what economies had been effected during the first half-year. This statement allayed a good deal of nervousness then existing, and enabled the market to view the situation in its proper perspective.

Had not the directors then explained what steps had been taken to offset the heavy

losses in traffic, the probability is that Home Railway stocks would have depreciated in value to a greater extent than they did.

The chief American railroads each week publish both gross and net traffic figures so that it is possible to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the probable surplus available for dividends. I feel sure that railway stock-holders would appreciate the publication of similar information in this country.



Sir Josiah Stamp, chairman and president of executive of L.M.S. Railway.

WHILE the latest dividends have created a certain amount of confidence in Home Railway stocks their effect upon quotations has been nullified by the unsatisfactory traffic position, there being a continuous decline in passenger and goods revenue. And, of course, the uncertain state of markets also has something to do with it.

Allowing for the final dividends, included in present quotations, the three railway stocks above mentioned are valued at prices which afford yields of fully 6 per cent. No allowance is thus made for any possibilities in the way of an improvement in traffics and, consequently, scope exists for appreciation.

A GUINNESS' DISTINCTION.

FOR the first time, the Guinness dividend is paid subject to the deduction of income-tax. Hitherto, this famous brewery company has declared its dividends "tax free," which is another way of stating "after the deduction of income-tax." That means, of course, that the company itself has borne the tax and does not show it as a deduction at the source.

All the same it is a deduction and the distinction is in the manner of expressing the dividend rate. But there is no difference when it comes down to terms of hard cash.

The dividend now announced is an interim of 15 per cent., subject to income-tax. Deduct tax at 4s. in the £ and you have a balance of 12 per cent. A year ago the interim dividend was declared as 12 per cent., free of income-tax. Where is the difference? The payment of both dividends requires the same amount of cash.

If the company maintains the final distribution as last time, the full year's payment should be 35 per cent., or 28 per cent. net, after deduction of tax. Guinness ordinary capital is in the form of £100 stock and, at the market price of £440, yields over $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., subject to income-tax, on the basis of a 35 per cent. dividend.

The "heaviness" of the price tends to frighten off the average investor, who is not aware that it can be purchased in £10 lots. If arrangements could be made to quote the stock in the form of £1 units I am confident that it would become more popular. Watney Combe deferred stock is now dealt in as £1 units.



Viscount Churchill, chairman of the Great Western Railway.

Finance and City Section.

COURTAULD'S NEW RECORD.

SOME shareholders profess to be a little disappointed because Courtauld's final dividend brings up the rate for the year to no more than 15 per cent. free of income tax. Apparently they expected 20 per cent.

In my articles of January 18th, I pointed out that, as the capital had been doubled by the bonus share issue, that rate would be equal to 40 per cent. on the capital as a year, adding: "This seems too good to me."

I consider that the directors are distributing no more than they ought to do. The 15 per cent. (tax free) dividend will absorb three-quarters of the remaining profit after the preference dividend, and the allocation of £1,000,000 to reserve, takes practically the balance.

To raise the dividend to 20 per cent. would call for an additional £1,200,000. It simply could not have been done except at the expense of the reserve fund. The preference dividend requires £400,000 and the 15 per cent. on the ordinary capital £3,600,000.

FOUR millions out of a profit of £5,171,997 go to the shareholders. That profit is a record and a wonderful achievement. It has both pleased and surprised the market in view of Mr. Samuel Courtauld's somewhat pessimistic statement to the Press last week, which stressed the severity of the competition in the industry.

At the time I did not think that the figures submitted by Mr. Courtauld had particular reference to his company. They seemed to apply to conditions in England. Courtauld's interests are world-wide. It controls the American Viscose Co., which, according to an advertisement before me, is "the world's largest producer of rayon yarns," and now "is planning a complete programme of scientific research for the new year."

In the United States, last year was a record period for the artificial silk industry there, and the demand for rayon yarns for the second successive year, was ahead of production. The Viscose Company ought to have done well and its prosperity doubtless is reflected in Courtauld's latest profits.

TOO MUCH OIL.

HOPES entertained a few months ago of a decided improvement in the oil industry have been shattered. The keynote of the situation can be expressed in one word—demand. Lord Bearsted said as much when discussing the situation at the annual meeting the other day of one of his oil companies. "The troubles of the oil business," he remarked, "do not lie in the direction of producing oil, but rather in the direction of finding a market for it."

No difficulty is experienced in meeting the

world's demand. There is too much oil; and that is the trouble. America's output has just scored a new high record and it is becoming plain that production is being allowed to increase to a needlessly high level to the detriment of the industry.

Efforts have been made to induce producers to restrict, but the difficulty lies not in the unwillingness of the large groups to take the proper steps, but in bringing into line the hundreds of small oil enterprises scattered throughout the American oilfields.

Meanwhile the price of crude oil is at levels barely remunerative or quite unprofitable to many companies. Fuel oil prices, in particular, are low, and I understand were never lower than they are now. The small producer, however, can work on a meagre margin and is satisfied. His complaint is that if he shut down production he would be earning nothing at all, and probably incurring losses. Hence his reluctance to curtail operations.

MEXICAN EAGLE.

OF course, conditions vary in the different oil-producing areas and where one company cannot make a profit, another can earn sufficient to justify continuance of operations. The Mexican Eagle appears to have had a difficult year and the profits for 1928 are understood to have been affected adversely by the low prices obtained for the company's refined products.

Instead of concentrating upon the production of oil the management in the past year tested many of its new areas, with encouraging results, I understand. The directors, accordingly, are taking a more hopeful view of the outlook than one might expect under existing conditions.

They state that taking into account the new production in sight, together with anticipated improvement of conditions in Mexico, the company "is able to look forward to more encouraging results than have been experienced during recent years."

My view is that they are looking ahead a little further than the shareholders imagine. At any rate, I am not sufficiently optimistic to predict that the change will be reflected in the 1929 profits.

AMERICA USES MORE RUBBER.

I FIND it a hard task to convince people that the rubber situation is improving. They immediately point to the price. It is not so many months ago since the commodity was down to 8d. per lb.; now it is selling at 1s., a rise of 50 per cent. That may not look much when expressed in terms of pence; but it will enable many estates to sell their rubber at a small profit instead of a loss.

The statistical position is a fairly reliable guide to the state of the industry. As compared with some 65,000 tons a year ago, the London stocks of rubber are now below 26,000 tons. That quantity could be used up by America in three weeks. But the most

favourable aspect of the situation is the fact that America's rubber requirements actually are increasing. Consumption there last month reached the record total of almost 43,000 tons. Last year the U.S.A. used 440,000 tons.

Everything points to a still greater absorption during 1929. To stimulate a demand for tyres American manufacturers have just reduced prices by 2½ to 10 per cent. And I hear, too, that this year's output of motor cars there will reach record figures.

All this, of course, must prove beneficial to the rubber-growing industry. Stocks of rubber throughout the world are down to the minimum, and any large demand for the commodity means that supplies will have to be drawn upon to the fullest extent. I expect to see rubber from now onwards steadily improve to 1s. 6d. per lb.

ANTY-SAG FACTS AND FIGURES.

IN November last a company called Anty-Sag Parent Company was formed to acquire a business marketing a mattress support. Its authorised capital is £150,000 and a million two-shilling shares were issued. The statutory report throws an inter-

esting light upon the finance of concerns exploiting patents.

In this particular case the company acquired the world rights of a device for £15,000. That is the chief asset apart from cash. The expenses of forming the company and underwriting commission total £23,988. These are charged to the shareholders, or, to be more accurate, they figure as an asset.

The share issue has brought in £84,327, so that these expenses represent about a quarter of the issued capital. Besides the patent, the company owns premises and works valued at £1,637. As property values go nowadays moderately large premises cannot be acquired for that sum. I hope that the company means to extend them in keeping with its capital.

INDUSTRIAL SHARE POINTERS.

MY advice to several correspondents, who wrote me towards the end of last year regarding Swan and Edgar shares, was to hold them for the report. I then felt that the completion of the new Piccadilly "tube" station adjoining the company's premises would be beneficial. My advice as to retaining the shares has been justified, for it is now announced that the trading profit has expanded by some £22,600 to £101,500, and the dividend is raised to 4 per cent.

The company, in my opinion, owns one of the finest shopping sites in the West End—actually in Piccadilly Circus. It has now entered into possession of its subterranean window showrooms in the entrance hall of the station so that shoppers, in the most inclement weather, can view the goods displayed therein in comfort. That obviously must be a great advantage to the business.

THREE weeks ago, I hinted that Mead, the cycle and gramophone firm, might pay an interim dividend this month of 4 per cent. My estimate has proved too modest. The directors recommend a dividend of 5 per cent. actual for the past half-year, and, in doing so, state that the January sales are 15 per cent. in excess of those of the same month of 1928. New depots are being opened and increased profits are expected therefrom. The certified profits of the past nine years—that is before the present company was formed—represent just over 16 per cent. on the issued capital.



For All Classes of Insurance

**UNDOUBTED SECURITY—
COMPREHENSIVE POLICIES.
NO VEXATIOUS CLAUSES.
EQUITABLE SETTLEMENTS.**

Chief Administration:

7, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.2

Finance and City Section.

PITFALLS for the INVESTOR.

Recommendations and Get-Rich-Quickly
Suggestions that should be avoided.

By A. G. WALSH.

WHEN I referred last week to the epidemic of share-tipping I had no idea that this financial pestilence was so widespread. Readers from all parts of the country have written to tell me how they have been pestered with telegrams and letters from entire strangers strongly urging them to buy certain shares. The plan to unload on the credulous Victoria Gramophones and Roodeklips appears to be carried out on methodical lines. These are the two shares which I criticised last week and showed how grossly inflated were their values.

Another share receiving similar attention is Fisher's Foils. So-called financial journals, published in the interests of certain outside brokers and share-pushers—and distributed gratuitously—are strongly recommending these one shilling shares at 5s. each for capital appreciation! A few cold facts about the company perhaps will cool any enthusiasm you may have shown for the shares.

FISHER'S FOIL FINANCE.

IN the first place, Fisher's Foils is a genuine business and apparently has done well on a small capital. Anyhow, the business earned £18,058 in 1928. Now the present company was formed about three weeks ago with a capital of £200,000 in one shilling shares. These shares have been run up to 5/- each.

What can have happened to justify the capitalisation of the business appreciating by £800,000 within three weeks? Let me repeat, as a small concern the business did well; but I defy anyone to tell me that the volume of business at its £50,000 Wembley factory has so increased in three weeks as to justify the market value of the capital appreciating by £800,000.

All what has happened as regards the price of the shares is the result of market manipulation. Most of the shares are in the hands of one group, who can call the price anything that suits their book. They have to convert their paper—the shares—into hard cash, and what is better than to create the semblance of activity in them and cause a spectacular advance in the price.

There are people who will not look at a cheap share when the price is 1s. 6d.; but who will sell War loan to buy it should the quotation jump to 4s. 6d. Their line of

argument appears to be: Well, it must be worth having if the big financiers are willing to pay 4s. 6d. But they don't realise that it is the financiers who buy cheaply and the public who pay the high price.

FLEECING INVESTORS.

THE ways and wiles of financial tricksters are many. Some of you, no doubt, time and again receive circulars from outside

They say that it is only sufficient to send £25 to cover the purchase of £500 worth of shares. They leave you wondering as to who provides the balance. As a matter of fact, this is unnecessary for no shares are bought. If you bite, they simply book a transaction at the highest price of the day. Generally they suggest a share to buy—one which they expect will fall at once.

HOW IT IS DONE.

FOR the sake of illustration, I'll call the share the X.Y.Z. Gramophone. The quotation is 20s.-21s. You are booked as a purchaser at 21s. Margin of 1s. a share has been put up. What is the position? The buying price is 21s., and the selling price, as shown above, 20s.

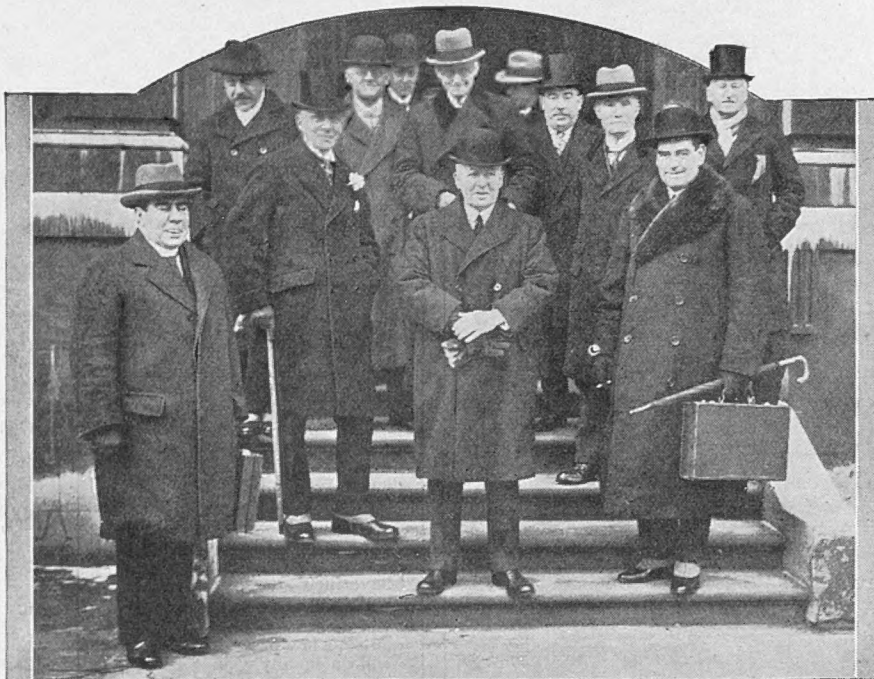
The moment you post your remittance the money is lost. The selling price is 1s. below your price and your margin has run off. You inquire about the shares. The bucket-shop explains that the cover runs off—that is, if the price has not changed—and you are urged to put up more cover as a sharp rise is expected. You complain, but the bucketeer politely directs your attention to the transactions reported in the daily Press below your price, and expresses regret that the shares should have fallen.

Assuming that the shares have risen you will be informed probably that there is a small profit and you are urged to open a new transaction in some other share about to show "handsome profit." The chances are that if you accept you will lose your money. If you don't, the

bucket shop will ignore your requests for payment. This is what happens constantly.

WHEN buying shares through a member of the Stock Exchange you receive a contract note, which expressly states that the shares have been "bought" for you. The contract note issued by the bucket-shop states that the shares have been "sold" to you.

There is a big difference between the two forms. The outside broker has not bought the shares and he dare not state so. He has sold you shares, which he never possessed. His hope is that the shares, which he claims to have sold to you are 21s., will decline, and, if the price drops to 19s. or so, it is ten to one against the victim putting up the balance of the money to claim them at 19s.



RESTORE THE PENNY POST!

The business community is insistent in its demand for the restoration of the penny post. Circulars and accounts, owing to higher postal charges, are now being sent in unsealed envelopes. The Government is urged to reduce postal charges and trust to the expansion of business to make good the loss. Replying to an influential deputation of business men in reference to the matter a few days ago, Mr. Winston Churchill promised that if Budget prospects became easier he would most carefully balance the penny post project against competing projects. While cognisant of the boon to trade by a return to the penny post, the Chancellor explained that the cost to the Exchequer would be £6,000,000. That amount, therefore, would have to be made good by some means. Some of the deputation leaving the Treasury, which included (left to right) Sir Harry Brittain, Lord Ebbisham, Mr. Mitchell Thompson, P.M.G., and Lord Riddell.

brokers inviting you to speculate on the margin or cover system. This form of speculation is not recognised on the Stock Exchange, and a judge of the High Court some years ago characterised the "cover" system as a swindle. And an obvious swindle to anyone conversant with the intricacies of stock and share dealing.

There are many perfectly straightforward stock and share dealers throughout the country who are not members of any Stock Exchange and who conduct their business in a legitimate manner. But the type I am referring to are those known as "bucket shops," out to benefit themselves at your expense. Their method is to invite you to enter into a deal by putting up a ridiculously low deposit, which they describe as "cover," or "margin."

INDEX of CONTENTS

Vol. II. Issue of BRITANNIA February 22 1929. No. 22

SIXPENCE EACH WEEK

FRONTISPIECE	193
EDITORIAL COMMENT	194
THE WORLD OF POLITICS "Westminster" ..	195
THE DETECTIVE IN FACT AND FICTION Lord Birkenhead..	197, 198
BRITANNIA'S DIARY	199, 200
PASSING THE PRESENCE Horace Wyndham ..	201
THE SECRET SALVATION ARMY REVOLT F. A. Mackenzie ..	202, 203
THOSE FILM AUDIENCES Maitland Davidson ..	205
THE MYSTERY OF LAWRENCE OF ARABIA Lowell Thomas ..	206, 207
THE ROAD TO SUCCESS Sir W. Seager ..	208
THE RING. A STORY Naomi Royde Smith ..	209-212
OXFORD OR CAMBRIDGE? A Cambridge Under-graduate ..	213
IN DEFENCE OF THE ACTOR Maitland Davidson ..	214, 215
DELPHINIUMS BLUE Marion Cran ..	216
THE WASTAGE OF BIRD LIFE E. T. Brown ..	217
SOLVING THE SLUM PROBLEM Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott ..	218, 219
COMMERCIAL WIRELESS DEVELOPMENT .. Robert W. Beare ..	220
LIVING BY BANKING Hilaire Belloc ..	221, 222
IS CANADA WORTH WHILE? G. B. Johnson ..	222
EVERY MAN HIS OWN PREACHER .. Ven. A. R. Buckland, M.A. ..	223
BENARES, THE HOLY CITY OF SIVA .. Charles Ranson ..	224, 225
THE PASSING SHOW IN BOOKS James Milne ..	226
WATSON. A STORY A. M. Burrage ..	227-230
WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND? .. Our Readers ..	231

WOMAN'S SECTION.

FRONTISPIECE	233
IDEAL HOMES AT OLYMPIA The Woman Editor ..	234-236
ON SEEING OVER THE HOUSE .. Gladys Peto ..	237
FOR MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST Rosita Forbes ..	238, 239
YOUR DRESS IN RELATION TO YOUR HOME	240, 241
STANDARD TRAFFIC SIGNALS Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce ..	243, 244
WEIGHED IN "Blackfriar" ..	246
TILDEN'S RETURN F. Gordon Lowe ..	247
BRIGHTER BRIDGE G. H. W. Ramsey ..	248
CHESS T. C. Evans ..	248
THE HEART OF ENGLAND Henry Victor Morgan ..	251
CORRESPONDENCE Our Readers ..	252
YOU AND YOUR MONEY A. G. Walsh ..	253-254
PITFALLS FOR THE INVESTOR	255

WHO'S WHO

in this

ISSUE

HILAIRE BELLOC.

POET, novelist, essayist, historian, journalist, for a time a politician, soldier, military strategist. One of the most versatile men of the day. As a youth he served as a driver in the French artillery. One of the most Balliol of Balliol's sons, he has immortalised the college in poetry.

Delighted all readers with an early book called *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, containing some verses that everyone ought to know by heart.

A great traveller, he wrote *The Path to Rome*, which is now a classic, and *The Four Men*,

edition. For five years he was correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News* in Russia and Northern Europe. A forceful and informed writer.

LOWELL THOMAS.

AN enterprising and versatile American. Turned to good account his experiences during the war by the publication of books and articles and lecture tours throughout the world.

The originator of what is known as "the travelogue," which gained him considerable popularity.

His book, *With Lawrence in Arabia*, proved so popular that it is now in its eighteenth edition.

Ever on the look-out for out-of-the-way experiences, he has just published *Raiders of the Deep*, which relates the experiences of the U boat commanders of the war as they were described to him by survivors.

NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.

AUTHOR and journalist. Has written several outstanding novels. An enthusiast for two forms of exercise: walking and knitting!

A. M. BURRAGE.

THE well-known short-story writer who began to write and sell stories while at school, and for some time was perhaps the youngest professional author.

A contributor to most of the well-known magazines.

SIR W. H. SEAGER.

PRESIDENT of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom. Began his career at four shillings a week.

Managing director of W. H. Seager and Co., of Cardiff. A leading industrialist and director of many companies.

REV. DESMOND MORSE-BOYCOTT.

HONORARY Assistant Priest of St. Mary's Church, Somers Town. A well-known worker among the poor in his parish.

An outspoken writer who contributes to many journals.

THE NEW BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA now appears in an entirely new form. More varied in its contents, more attractive in its "make-up," BRITANNIA provides for the mind and the eye a happy combination of letterpress and illustrations.

At least we think so. But we are naturally biased. What do our readers think of the new BRITANNIA? We are anxious to have their views, whether these be favourable or unfavourable.

If you are too busy to write a letter, a few words on a postcard will do equally well.

All communications should be addressed to:—

The Editor,
BRITANNIA,
Inveresk House,
Strand,
London, W.C.2

Don't forget to be frank and say what you don't like as well as what you do like.

one of the best stories of a walking tour in the language.

As an essayist he has few equals, and has written on everything and *On Nothing*. He is a noted historian, a novelist of no mean order, and, as a poet, some of his verses and sonnets are likely to be remembered long after most contemporary poetry has been forgotten.

F. A. MACKENZIE.

THE well-known journalist and foreign correspondent, attached for several years to the staff of *The Daily Mail*.

From 1910 to 1914 he was editor of *The Times* weekly